



No. 136.—VOL. XI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6¹/₂d.



AN AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARDS AND CO., BALLARAT.

THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

"What is this Institute?" asked one of three friends with whom I was in company the other evening, and whom, to preserve their anonymity, I shall designate as "I."—that is, the spokesman for the Institute; "O.," an outsider, the querist just cited; and "J.," a journalist. The chat had been started by I., who said he expected to have a good time at the Conference that is being held this week in Devonshire.

"Do you mean to say you don't know what the Institute is?" replied I., with scorn and pity in his voice. "Why, it's a corporation

with nearly four thousand members already, though it was started less than ten years ago, as a modest Journalists' Association in Birmingham, with less than two hundred. In 1889 it was converted into the Institute of Journalists, and, as it now has a royal charter, it has raised the profession to a dignity it never had before. We have thirty district branches for all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, besides the central and largest district, in London, and we meet every year at one place or another, just like the British Association and the other great organisations. We have had splendid conferences in Dublin and Edinburgh. You must



have heard how, in 1893, we entertained Zola in London, and were invited by the Lord Mayor to a grand evening at the Guildhall, and by Gus Harris to a ball at Covent Garden, and had lots of other fun. Last year some of us went over to an International Press Congress at Antwerp and Brussels, where we were introduced to King Leopold, and had a special concert and other shows in our honour. That Belgian affair rather spoilt the regular Autumn Conference at Norwich, but this year's gathering will be a real success. We are to spend three days at Plymouth, and are to make excursions to Falmouth, Penzance, Torquay, Exeter, and Ilfracombe."

"Any business as well as pleasure?" asked O. "Of course, you fellows who work so hard at reporting speeches and trials, and writing 'leaders' and so forth, deserve a holiday when you can get one; but will you do anything serious at Plymouth?"

"Oh, yes; we shall elect a president and other officers for the year; pass the annual reports and accounts, and all that sort of thing; quarrel a bit about the rules, and listen to papers. Why, Sir Walter Besant is to read one on 'The Relation of Fiction to Newspapers,' and young Massingham is to tell us all about 'New Tendencies in Journalism'; and four or five other papers will be read, if there is time."

"But tell me," J. put in, "what do you do when you are not in 'annual conference'? You know I've been a journalist myself for more than twenty years, and I never could find out what good I should get by joining your Institute."

"Do!" exclaimed I. "Haven't I told you enough? Oh, yes! I forgot—there's the Orphan Fund. It was founded four years ago by Captain Gratwicke, who has worked nobly for it ever since. He won't be satisfied till he has got at least £10,000 invested, so as to have a fixed income of, say, £400 a-year, besides as much, or more, in annual subscriptions; but he has done well in scraping together enough, in three years, to put by about £4000, and to make grants this year to more than twenty children of struggling Pressmen who died without making provision for their families."

"That's good," said O.; "but do you do anything for the struggling Pressmen who are still alive?"

"Everything. There is a register for the use of members seeking work, and employers seeking hands. I have never seen it myself, but I am told it's sometimes looked at. Then we have honorary legal advisers, who are willing, without charge, to explain knotty points to members; and we protest when the rights or recognised privileges of journalists are abused, and we have prosecuted at least one sham journalist. Then we have a Usages and Customs Sub-Committee, which has been sitting for years, and some day, we hope, will report as to the usages and customs that prevail, or ought to prevail, in our profession. We have also an Examinations Committee, which has prepared a scheme of examinations for would-be members, and the scheme may come into operation next year."

"Then the Institute is, or wants to be, a sort of trades-union?"

"Bless you, no! Some members call it a Guild, but 'Institute of

Journalists' is a good-enough name for me. You see, there are all sorts of journalists—the reporters of all grades, the leader-writers and paragraphists, the pickers-up of gossip, the dramatic and musical critics, the sketch-writers and book-reviewers, besides editors and proprietors."

"The newspaper proprietors!" interrupted O. "Do you consider them journalists?"

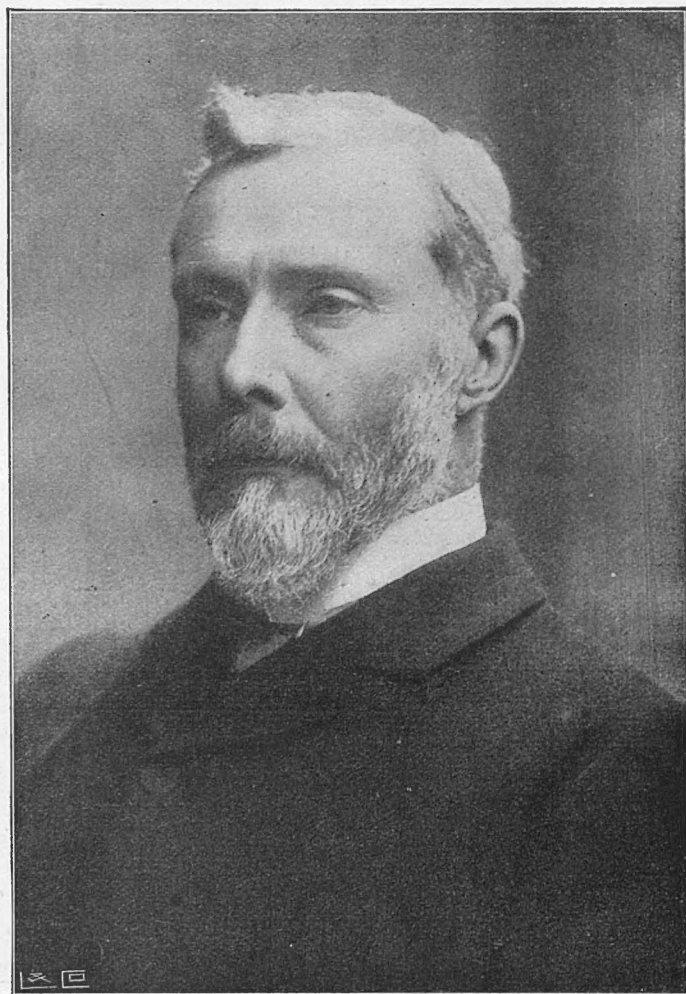
"Why not? Many of them are their own editors, if not their own leader-writers, or used to be mere Pressmen before they became proprietors; and others who are only employers, and were never anything else, are very useful to us. They are munificent contributors to our Orphan Fund and other funds. They are the richest men among us, and we couldn't well get on without them. Then they are highly ornamental."

"But most of them, I believe," remarked J., "are also members of the Newspaper Society, which is a trades-union, and looks, at any rate, with jealousy on the Institute of Journalists."

"That's all nonsense. If they choose to join the Institute, they are welcome. It's much better we should have them as friends than as foes. Not that they would be our foes, in any case. Besides, if there is some antagonism, as there must be, between employers and labourers in the newspaper world, we only lessen it, and benefit ourselves by accepting their—"

"Patronage—that's the word!" said J. "Well, perhaps so; perhaps not. At any rate, you have hit on the reason why I haven't yet seen my way to become a member of your Institute." He said a good deal more, and the conversation grew warmer before it was over. But I need not report the rest.

The heroes of the week at the Devonshire gathering are Mr. Thomas Crosbie, of Cork, and Mr. Willox, M.P., the outgoing and the incoming presidents, and Captain G. F. Gratwicke, the chairman of the Reception Committee. Mr. Crosbie, a working journalist of rare ability, has been an indefatigable and most useful office-holder during the past year; and he has a respectable successor in Mr. Willox, also a working journalist, although he now combines newspaper ownership with editorship, and spares time from the *Liverpool Courier* both to control a great tobacco factory and to represent a Liverpool constituency in Parliament. Captain Gratwicke, young enough to have a promising future before him, has already done much to assure it. His training to newspaper work began early, and before he had completed his apprenticeship he became the chief reporter of the journal on which he was first engaged. As such, in conjunction with Mr. Snell, of the London Bankruptcy Court, he fought and won a great battle over the shorthand reporters' fees, which Mr. Chamberlain's Bankruptcy Bill of 1882 proposed to cut down. He has, from the first, been an active member of the Institute, working specially, but not exclusively, for its Orphan Fund, and is now one of its Fellows and vice-presidents. He is also an enthusiastic volunteer of twenty-five years' standing.

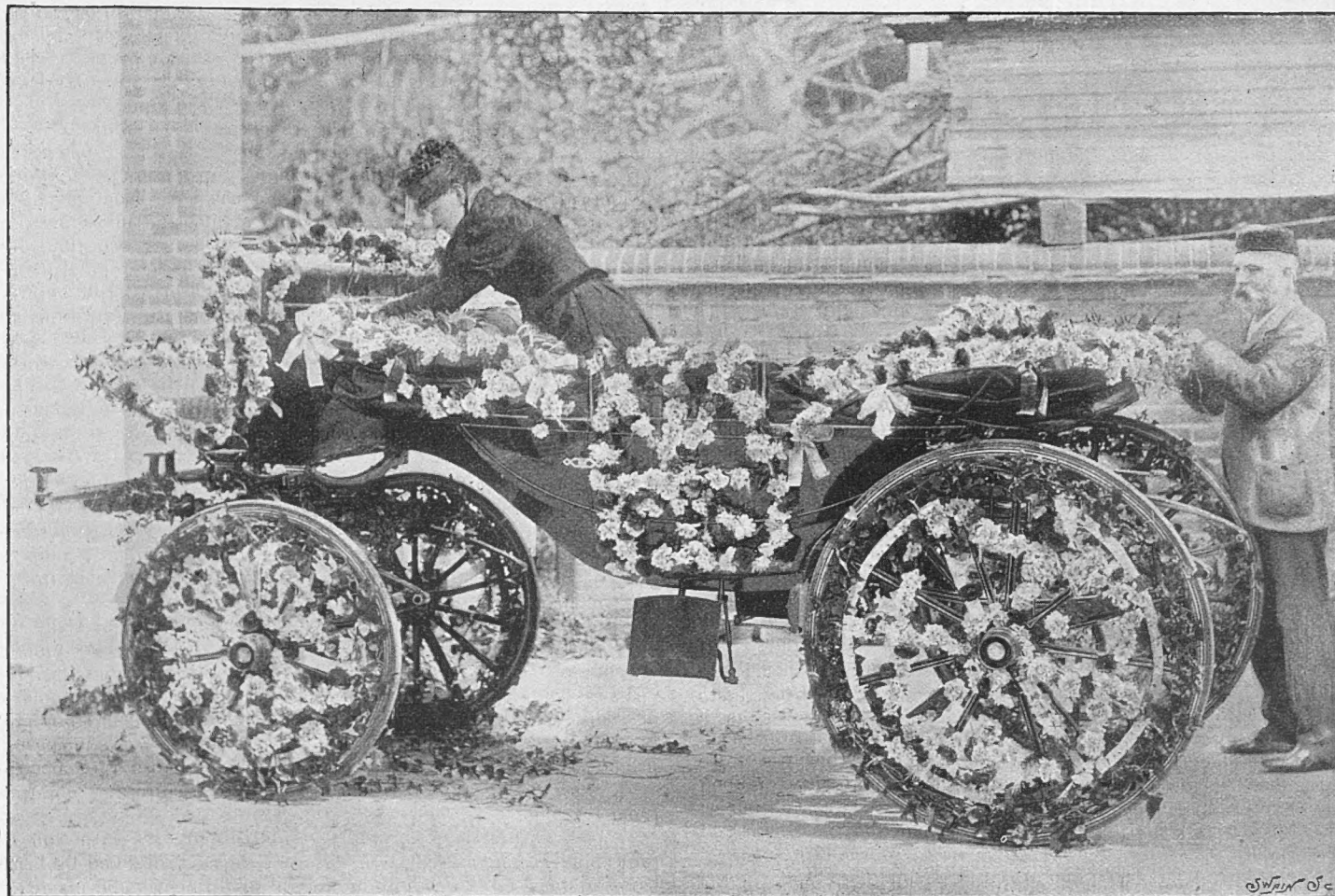


MR. JOHN WILLOX, M.P.

Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell.

THE HASTINGS CARNIVAL.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



PREPARING FOR THE PROCESSION.



ON THE FRONT.

THE ALBUM.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS ON THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE DAILY NEWS.

The first collected volume of the weekly numbers of our illustrated contemporary *The Album* forms an almost unrivalled picture-gallery of contemporary celebrities and of the art of the day. It affords many beautiful specimens of that wonderful modern photographic engraving which familiarises us with people and places we have never seen.

THE STANDARD.

Among the contents of this lavishly illustrated volume it is, perhaps, enough to mention the singularly fine "Studies in Animal Life" at the Zoo, by Mr. Gambier Bolton, the portraits of contemporary novelists, musicians, and actors, and the excellent views of English holiday resorts.

THE SPEAKER.

The pictures are, indeed, the *pièces de résistance* of the stout volume which represents the first half-year's output of this deservedly popular weekly—portraits of people, eminent, beautiful, or otherwise interesting; of animals, of holiday haunts, and of art masterpieces. But there are also descriptive articles, interviews, letters from abroad, the lighter gossip of Parliament, society, the library, and the field. If the family gourmand be still unsatisfied, there are nearly a score of good short stories. For the average jolly Philistine many an entertaining morsel is stored here; and even the superior person, afore-wedded to the very different "Keepsakes" and "Albums" of an earlier age, will turn these excellently chosen and printed pages with furtive pleasure.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

An exceedingly handsome picture-book, cram full of reproductions from the best and newest photographs of everybody and everything.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

It is not given to every work, even in these days of sumptuous illustration and many writers, to be equally excellent both in art and literature. The First Volume of *The Album* (Ingram Brothers) seems to fairly deserve this praise. It is modestly described on the title-page as a journal of photographs of men and women of the day, but this scarcely conveys a complete description of its contents. It is a pictorial history of the times, full of pleasant reading matter, and illustrated by full-page reproductions of photographs leaving little or nothing to be desired in point of finish.

THE ALBUM

Appears Weekly in a Greatly Enlarged and Improved Style.

It is BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED, and each number contains a

SPLENDID SUPPLEMENT

of Permanent Interest and Value.

Thousands who have never before purchased illustrated papers are spending SIXPENCE every week on
THE ALBUM.

CONTRIBUTIONS by the BEST WRITERS of the DAY.

The Subject of the Supplement for Sept. 9 is

ILFRACOMBE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Published by

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, LIMITED, 198, STRAND, W.C.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The Ben Greet Comedy Company, which now includes Mr. Henry B. Irving (Sir Henry's elder son) as leading man, occupied the boards of the Richmond Theatre for three nights in last week, appearing in "Masks and Faces," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons." Notwithstanding the mark that Mr. Irving has already made on the Metropolitan stage by his performances in "A Fool's Paradise," at the Garrick Theatre, and, more recently, in "Dick Sheridan" and "Frou-Frou," and the revival of "Sowing the Wind," at the Comedy, he has done wisely to work in the provinces for a time. There alone, under the present system of long runs, can a young actor gain the essential experience which practice only can bring. Mr. Irving spent last autumn and part of the spring with Mr. Greet, and has now rejoined him to tour with his well-balanced company in a large repertoire of plays.

Always picturesque and distinguished, he has now gained immeasurably in strength and variety of resource. In "Masks and Faces" he played cleverly as the cynical rake, Sir Charles Pomander, though he missed somewhat of the man's polished insolence. In "Money" he did all that can be done to redeem Evelyn's native priggishness. But by far his best performance was his Claude Melnotte. This latter part he played with a fine intensity and much charm. Seldom have the first two acts seemed more plausible, or the mean trick practised by the hero less despicable, than as here played by the sensitive gardener's son—a mere romantic, passionate boy instead of the customary matured actor. Mr. Ben Greet, as usual, proved himself an admirable comedian by the mingling of pathos and humour in his Triplet, and by the quaintness of his Graves and Colonel Damas. He is to be congratulated on the excellence of the *ensemble* of his productions. "Money" was played in the costume of its period—a very necessary precaution nowadays, as the late revival at the Garrick Theatre showed. Miss Edyth Olive appeared as Pauline, Mabel Vane, and Clara Douglas, with a success which bodes well for her future as an emotional actress. Miss Lillah McCarthy made a handsome Woffington, and Mr. Frank Westerton a commendable Beauseant, Vane, and Dudley Smooth. Sir Henry Irving was among the large audience which assembled for "The Lady of Lyons" on the last night of the engagement.

Fashion is infectious even at the Adelphi. It was probably the instinct to be up to date in the matter of elaborate titles—witness "The Case of Rebellious Susan," or "The Importance of Being Earnest"—that made Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Clement Scott christen MM. Jules Mary and Georges Grisier's melodrama from the Porte St. Martin, "The Swordsman's Daughter." The French authors were more honest. They called the play simply "Maitre d'Armes," and a literal translation of the title would have given a much clearer conception of its subject-matter. For the drama, despite its three-and-twenty characters, is the swordsman, the fine old picturesque veteran of the foil, who dominates the scene at the Adelphi in the completest sense by reason of the robust acting of Mr. William Terriss. Round this central figure four acts have been constructed. The daughter is a mere excuse. Her lapse with her father's favourite pupil, Count Henri de Rochefière, was necessary to give the swordsman an opportunity; the picturesque launch of the lifeboat bo'suned by Pilot Olgan was, in turn, an excuse for the daughter's appearance; the creation of the Baron de Chantoisel (in English at least) was an excuse for the introduction of Mr. Harry Nicholls. Take away these pretexts, and you have left—the swordsman and his dexterous art. Yet, however little that may satisfy an Adelphi audience, who always want a good deal for their money, for me it was enough. When the details of the vulgar seduction shall have gone from my memory, when the somewhat irritating humour of the comic sailors shall have disappeared, when the Baron de Chantoisel shall have become indistinguishable from a score of Nicholls' plated parts, I shall remember M. Vibrac, his foils and foibles, and that, I imagine, will be the experience of many who saw the production on Saturday night of the play which opens the theatrical season. Mr. Terriss forms a perfect picture throughout the play, from the moment he enters Pilot Olgan's cottage to the crisis where he mortally wounds in vengeance his old pupil, Rochefière, in the crowded court of justice. Mr. Terriss as the hearty hero we know full well. Mr. Terriss as an old man is a new and a welcome experience. Mr. Charles Fulton is always conscientious, and in "The Swordsman's Daughter" he does wonders with the part of the pilot, which, in less able hands, would crumble to pieces. The Baron de Chantoisel is Mr. Harry Nicholls—that is the exactest criticism that can be passed on a stock part that is played as hundreds of other comic "reliefs" have been before. Miss Millward and Mr. Abingdon, as the heroine and villain, are scarcely one iota different from scores of such folk. Of the leading characters, indeed, little that is new can be said. On the other hand, a dozen insignificant parts are played with distinction. Olgan's friend, the young lieutenant, Leverdier, who gives up his life for the pilot, is admirably played by Mr. Vincent Sternroyd. Mr. Julian Cross and Mr. Richard Purdon, as the comic sailors, are genuinely amusing, while the four or five fencers make parts, somewhat stagey to the Englishman, thoroughly convincing. Among the ladies, the premier honours must fall to Miss Marriott, whose rich voice has lost none of its old charm. If her tragic end raised a laugh, it was solely from the circumstance of her apostrophising the sea in the same language that Mrs. Tanqueray recoiled on Captain Ardale for coming into her life again. The setting could not be excelled, especially the scene of the duel, the assault-at-arms, and the Court. The play could well bear the blue pencil, the excision of some superfluous incident and dialogue. The swordsman needs little support. He alone thrills.

THE TRUANT.

The prodigal has been found. True, he was only a pug, yet over one little pug that returneth there has been much joy. He wandered, it may be remembered, into this office, and we gave a picture of his pugship, looking sadly forlorn, in these pages, with an invitation to his sorrowing mistress—he was unmistakably a lady's idol—to come and claim him. And she has. She lost him in Bennett Street, St. James's, and recognised his picture in *The Sketch*. We have before us his mistress's letter of thanks, and to the lady of St. James's the "Complete Letter Writer" gives but one form of reply—that which was drafted by Mr. Austin Dobson, which here undergoes the process of localisation—

A lady of St. James's
Went walking out one day,
With her darling pug beside her;
But alack he went astray!
And Phyllida, his Phyllida,
Was plunged in deepest grief;
She fancied he had missed her,
Or been stolen by a thief.

That lady of St. James's
Perused *The Sketch* right through
(As every merry maiden
Ought certainly to do),
And Phyllida, fair Phyllida,
Her heart began to bound,
As she saw the faithful picture
Of her faithless little hound.

The lady of St. James's,
She clasped her hands and wept,
"My darling, since I lost you,
I've never smiled or slept.
Yet Phyllida, your Phyllida,
Has cried for you in vain,
For you've been with the sad young dogs
That bark in Milford Lane.

"O, doggie of St. James's,
In all your wayward whims,
Have you been round at Billy Greet's
(Who writes for G. R. Sims)?
Your Phyllida, poor Phyllida,
She wonders did you see
The lovely Lobengula,
Who rules the P.M.G."

The lady of St. James's
In triumph bore him home,
Admonishing her darling
In future not to roam.
Yet Phyllida, fond Phyllida
Her prodigal did deck
With a dainty leather trapping
And a ribbon for his neck.

Fair lady of St. James's
The knights are gone, alas!
And yet this trifling service
For chivalry might pass.
And, Phyllida, O Phyllida!
Here's *envoi* to this strain—
Whene'er you lose your doggie,
Just wire to Milford Lane.

Among the most attractive of recent songs are some composed by Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham. Four Irish ballads, "Maureen," "The Maid of Garryowen," "The Irish Reel," and "Lonesome," offer a welcome respite from the soulful drawing-room ditties of the day. They are Celtic in spirit, as befits their words, and in general scheme are modelled on the best of our genuine old ballad songs, with which Mrs. Needham's themes have much in common. Another song, "In Blossom Time," displays a very pretty gift of melody, skilfully accompanied. There is a delicacy and simplicity about Mrs. Needham's work which betokens the true musician, and these songs deserve to find many admirers. They are published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

A suitable wine for picnics, boating and shooting parties, and the many other outdoor gatherings which the beautiful weather we have lately enjoyed induces, is rather difficult to find, unless, indeed, one can afford the vintage wines of Pomery and the other leading shippers. But to those whose means are limited, and who yet like to make a picnic complete by giving their friends an iced sparkling wine, cooling and thirst-quenching, a wine shipped by Messrs. Arnold, Perrett and Co., of 7A, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., may be recommended. It has a dry and delicate flavour, and costs only 43s. the dozen.

In these days of extreme agricultural depression, many of the Upper Ten Thousand object to the heavy fees they have to pay for joining the many racing clubs. It should surely be possible for a qualified gentleman to obtain a gold medal for, say, a hundred pounds per annum, that would admit him to the club enclosure at all race-meetings. The money could easily be apportioned to the different meetings he attended during the year by his taking a ticket at entry, which could be put through the clearing-house at Messrs. Weatherby's. The bother of tendering so many subscriptions and obtaining several badges would thus be got rid of. Of course, this would only apply to the regular racegoer. The casual sportsman could choose his own particular meeting under the present rules.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

- THE PROFESSOR'S EXPERIMENT**, by Mrs. HUNGERFORD, Author of "The Three Graces," is just ready, in 3 vols., 15s. net; and at every Library.
THE IMPRESSIONS OF AUREOLE, the Diary of a Modern Society Woman, choicely printed on blush-rose paper, will be ready immediately. Crown 8vo, 6s.
CLARENCE, the New Novel by BRET HARTE, is just ready, with 8 Illustrations by Jule Goodman. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
GEORGE MACDONALD'S New Romance, LILITH, will be ready on Sept. 12. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
GEORGE R. SIMS'S New Book, DAGONET ABROAD, will be ready shortly. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
THE KING IN YELLOW, by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, will be ready on Sept. 12. Long fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

- AT MARKET VALUE**. By GRANT ALLEN.
"A bright, interesting, clever, and healthy story."—SPECTATOR.
A COUNTRY SWEETHEART. By DORA RUSSELL.
"It is a bright, clever story, which shows a considerable knowledge of human nature. . . . The story is interesting, and written pleasantly."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.
OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION. By MARY ANDERSON.
"Miss Mary Anderson's romance is full of strange and romantic adventures."—LITERARY WORLD.
HONOUR OF THIEVES. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.
"Told with unflagging verve and convincing verisimilitude. . . . The novel . . . is destined to achieve an exceptionally widespread popularity."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.
RHODA ROBERTS: A Welsh Mining Story. By HARRY LINDSAY.
"The plot is an extremely fascinating and exciting one."—POSTPOOL FREE PRESS.
IS HE THE MAN? By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
"For genuine excitement it will compare favourably with some of the best work of the author of 'The Woman in White.' The characters are well drawn, and there is a force and a vigour of treatment about them that is rare indeed at the present day."—LIBERAL.

LIBRARY EDITION OF CHARLES READE'S NOVELS.

- Crown 8vo, set in new type, and handsomely bound, 3s. 6d. each.
PEG WOFFINGTON; and **CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE**
HARD CASH: A Matter-of-Fact Romance.

Others will follow.

LIBRARY EDITION OF SIR WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE'S NOVELS.

- Set in new type, and handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.
THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT, and Other Tales. [Shortly.]

Others will follow.

- MY FLIRTATIONS**. By MARGARET WYNMAN. With 13 Illustrations by Bernard Partridge. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s.

"It is full of keen observation and knowledge, particularly frank and outspoken in its portraiture, while the sketches of all the men with whom the heroine has 'carried on' are clever and recognisable; some are delightfully daring."—WORLD.

- THE MINOR TACTICS OF CHESS**. By F. K. YOUNG and E. C. HOWELLS. Long fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"The book is clearly written; the powers of the pieces are quite admirably explained. . . . A thoroughly original work."—SPECTATOR.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

"No country house will be without a copy, and no sportsman ever go a journey without his 'BADMINTON MAGAZINE.'"—LAND AND WATER.

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Edited by ALFRED E. T. WATSON (Rapier).

"Should go like a driven grouse."—THE FIELD.

No. 2. SEPTEMBER 1895.

- I. **THE SPORT OF RAJAHS**. Major R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL. Illustrated by the Author.
- II. **SPORT IN THE NEW FOREST**. The Hon. GERALD LASCELLES. Illustrated by G. E. Lodge and A. Thorburn.
- III. **ASCOT REMINISCENCES**. The EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE. Illustrated by N. Arthur Lorraine and J. Charlton.
- IV. **ON THE SANDHILLS**. HORACE HUTCHINSON. Illustrated by H. G. Massey.
- V. **PARTRIDGE SHOOTING**. LORD WALSHINGHAM. Illustrated by A. Thorburn.
- VI. **THE BEST ELEVEN**. I. H. PERKINS, Sec. of M.C.C. II. C. W. ALCOCK, Sec. of Surrey C.C.
- VII. **OLD SPORTING PRINTS**. HEDLEY PEEK. Illustrated.
- VIII. **FENCING**. Miss MAY G. NORRIS. Illustrated by E. Sparks and F. Craig. From Sketches by the Author.
- IX. **THE DEE**. G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES. Illustrated by N. J. Gibb.
- X. **MODERN YACHTS AND YACHT RACING**. Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett.
- XI. **NOTES BY "RAPIER."**

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London and New York: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Completely refurbished, redecorated, and lighted by electricity. REOPENS SATURDAY NEXT, Sept. 7, at 8.20, with *THE CHILL WIDOW*, adapted from MM. Bisson and Carré's successful French comedy, "M. le Directeur." Misses Sophie Larkin, Kate Phillips, Irene Vanbrugh, Violet Vanbrugh; Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. W. Blakeley, &c. (Proprietress, Miss Kate Santley.) **MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.**

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, TWO GRAND BALLETS, FAUST and ON BRIGHTON PIER. GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA. To-night new grand BALLET, *TITANIA*. At 8.10, A DAY OUT. Grand Varieties. THE GRAND WRESTLING TOURNAMENT every evening at 10.30. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.
Earl's Court. Admission 1s.
The Conception and Design of
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.
Open 11.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Saturdays open at 10 a.m.
In Sunshine or Rain.
Indian Palaces, Workshops,
Colonnades, Lakes, Jungles, Streets.
Artisans, Performers, Jugglers.
THE GRENADIER AND COLDSTREAM GUARDS.
The Great Wheel Running Daily.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.
THE EMPRESS THEATRE.
(Near the Lillie Road Entrance.)
The Largest and most Perfect Theatre in the World.
DAILY at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
IMRE KIRALFY'S
Triumphantly Successful
Historical Spectacle,
"INDIA."
From Elizabeth to Victoria.
For full particulars see daily papers.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
BRIGHTON.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

EVERY WEEK-DAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon. Fare 10s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
EVERY SUNDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare 10s.

WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every Week-day 10.5 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, Week-days, 13s. 6d., Sundays, 13s.
Every Saturday Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—
EVERY WEEK-DAY in September, Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.50 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 10.5 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10.10 a.m., Norwood Junction 8.25 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.30 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 9.35 a.m. Returning by any Train the same day.
Special Day Return Tickets 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.
The Eastbourne Tickets are available for return the same or following day, and from Friday or Saturday to Monday.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY in September, Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m.
Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d. Returning by any Train same day only.

PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus, near the Madeleine.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.
Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
		A.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.
Victoria	...	dep. 10 0	8 50	Paris	...	dep. 10 0	9 0
London Bridge	...	" 10 0	9 0			P.M.	A.M.
		P.M.	A.M.	London Bridge	...	arr. 7 0	7 40
Paris	...	arr. 6 55	8 0	Victoria	...	" 7 0	7 50

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.
Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.
A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.
Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour. Returning at 5.20 p.m.

CAEN FOR NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.—Via Newhaven and Ouistreham. The only direct Route.
THREE PASSENGER SERVICES WEEKLY.
From London every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.
From Caen every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.
Fares—Single: First, 25s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s.
Return: One Week, 30s.; 25s.; 15s. Two Months, 38s.; 32s.; 20s.

FOR full particulars see Time Books, Tourists' Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."
—LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengariff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

Earl Houghton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the "National Review," July 1895, says: "At this moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along this whole route, and when the Southern Hotels Company have completed their new hotels and their additions to existing houses, there will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception."

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to Kingsbridge, Dublin.
R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

DONCASTER AND ITS ST. LEGER.

At Ascot the average racegoer feels a little out of place amid so much "starch," and at Goodwood one is afraid to behave unseemly on account of the selectness that accompanies the meetings held in the Duke of Richmond's park; but at Doncaster things are very different. On the old Town Moor the masses meet for racing. None of your function for them. They go to see the racing, and also, it is to be feared, to have their bet. In the early days racing at Doncaster used to be conducted with considerable danger, and it was not unusual for gentlemen to "cut each other up" in a different manner to that which obtains to-day. So rough were the proceedings, indeed, that in 1615 the Corporation resolved that, "for the preventing of sutes, quarrels, murders, and bloodsheds that may ensue by continuing of the said race, it is agreed that the stand and stoopes shall be pulled up, and employed to some better purpose, and the race discontinued." Whether the inhabitants of Doncaster had a penchant for bloodshed and racing, or both, is not known, but the stand was subsequently re-erected, and racing again took place on the Town Moor. Races of four-mile heats, valued at about ten pounds, were the attractions, until, in 1687, the Corporation again noticed the meeting—this time in a more favourable manner. In that year, five pounds was voted as "contrabution monys" to the races, and later, in 1710, it was ordered that, "to encourage horse-racing on Doncaster Moor, £5 5s. be paid for five years." Again, in 1716, £5 7s. 6d. was given as a Town's Plate, "providing the neighboring gentlemen do subscribe a valuable plate to be run for on Doncaster Moor."

Of course, the St. Leger is the principal race of the Autumn Meeting. It is the crucial test applied to "classic" horses, and, like those who travel the narrow way, few equines there be who can claim to have succeeded in adding a victory over the St. Leger course to previous triumphs in the Two Thousand and Derby. When the St. Leger was first established, there was no difference allowed between the weights carried by colts and fillies. It was a "sweepstakes of twenty-five guineas each, of three-year-old colts and fillies, 7 st. 12 lb., two miles." In 1790, the weights were raised to—colts, 8 st. 2 lb.; fillies, 8 st. The year 1813 saw another revision, colts being set to carry 8 st. 6 lb., and fillies 8 st. 3 lb. This was not the final alteration, for in 1839 colts bore 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies 8 st. 2 lb.; in 1862, colts carried 8 st. 10 lb., and fillies 8 st. 5 lb.; but eventually the present weights—colts, 9 st., fillies, 8 st. 11 lb.—were instituted. On four occasions has the St. Leger had to be run over twice on the same afternoon. In 1819, Mr. Pierce, who had won the race for two years previously, had two horses entered—Wrangler, who was favourite at 6 to 4, and Sir Walter, whose price was 6 to 1. The horses were started, and, after a severe race, a despised outsider, called Antonio, won, starting at between 50 and 100 to 1 against. After the race several jockeys said they did not try, thinking there had been a false start, so the Stewards ordered it to be run again, and, at the second time of asking, Sir Walter won. The owner of Antonio objected to this, and, on the matter being referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, it was ruled that Antonio should receive the stakes. In 1823, when twenty-three horses started, Barefoot, who was heavily backed, came in second. The race being declared void through a false start, nineteen competitors made their way again to the post, with the result that Barefoot improved on the first attempt, and won. The third occasion was in 1839, when there was a dead-heat between Charles XII. and Euclid, which the former won on the run-off; and the fourth time was in 1850. In that year Voltigeur and Russborough could not be separated at the end of the first race, but Voltigeur succeeded in the deciding heat.

The Doncaster Cup, like the Chester and Edinburgh Cups, was given by the Corporation of the town, and is a very ancient race. It was instituted about the middle of last century. In 1789 the then Prince of Wales won it with a black colt called Tot, who beat four others.

The Stakes then, as now, was run on the same day as the Cup, and was of the value of ten guineas for each runner, and twenty guineas given by the Corporation. It is now worth ten times as much as in those days. Both the Cup and the Stakes were four-mile contests. In both races the weights were adjusted according to age, and ranged from 5 st. 10 lb. for a three-year-old to 9 st. 11 lb. for an aged horse.

Up to 1806 the St. Leger was run for over two miles, but in that year, when Flydener won, the distance was reduced to 1 mile 6 furlongs 193 yards. The race was always run on a Tuesday, prior to 1807, in which year it was put back to Monday. So it remained until 1826, when it resumed its old day. Another alteration was made in 1845, when the day was changed to Wednesday, and so it has remained.

A remarkable match took place at Doncaster in 1802, between Mr. Fletcher's bay mare and Mr. Oswald's grey, distance 100 miles, for a purse of a thousand guineas. The bay took the lead at the start, and went round once in four minutes. The first ten miles were accomplished by both in about thirty-eight minutes, and they covered forty miles before they baited and changed riders. In the sixty-eighth mile the bay tired and retired, the other finishing at its leisure.

An unseemly and unfounded demonstration occurred in 1857, which caused one to compare the participators with the seventeenth-century rowdies who caused the abolition for a time of the races. When Blink Bonny won the Park Hill Stakes, her trainer and jockey would have been killed but for the protection of a number of prize-fighters. The mare's running was certainly suspicious, for she ran the St. Leger distance in faster time than the St. Leger was run in, and with more weight in the saddle. And yet, in the St. Leger, for which she was heavily backed, she was unplaced. It was ultimately proved that, in the St. Leger, her defeat was solely due to natural causes.



THE ECHO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

There is a man in Maupassant who is haunted by the nocturnal desolation of Paris. He dines and takes a cheery walk: the boulevard is deserted; he turns down one street and up another: they are empty; he explores this quarter and that: there is no sign of life; he knocks wildly at doors without response: the whole city is void of humanity except for a solitary maniac. Now, at this moment, I am the Only Man in Town; but the solitude does not affect me disagreeably. I know I am alone, because there isn't a cabman to chaffer over a fare, and there isn't an actor outside of Gatti's. What has become of the population I cannot say, unless they have vanished in some revolutionary scrimmage. There are signs of barricades here and there: opposite the Reform Club, for instance, the whole roadway is up. It must have been a desperate situation which drew the Reformers into the fray. I can picture them, stout clubmen in white waistcoats, with a broad sash round the capacious middle, and the smoking-cap of liberty on the shining poll. They are terrible fellows when they are roused. Ah, there's a swashing blow! A monumental Tory is prostrate on the steps of the Carlton; a chunk of young wood pavement took him in the abdomen! Black balls rattle like hail on the windows opposite; a saucepan, deftly aimed by a member of the Carlton kitchen committee, has bonneted Sir Lewis Morris, who was just bursting into a victorious ode! The whole scene lives before me; but where are the actors? Have the dead buried their dead in the cellars, and coffined them in bins of '74 champagne?

What is the most appropriate costume for the Only Man in Town? When the eye of society is upon you, of course, you wear the regulation dress, the severe frock-coat, the moderately debonnair trousers, the boots which reflect in a glossy surface the best of all possible worlds, the hat which is like the capital on the pillar of respectability. But such an attire in a desert is absurd: so I go home and take down one of the forty-five straw hats which hang on silver pegs; and out of a wardrobe, which occupies six rooms and a corridor, I select a suit of spotless nankeen, and from a reservoir of leather a pair of auburn shoes. In Paris, I see, they have been discussing the question whether spats should be worn with evening dress; it might as well be argued that the polka should be danced on all-fours. Really, you may carry the eternal incongruities too far; but no such reproach can be applied to my garb. As I saunter into the Park, a merry little traction-engine, used no doubt for some military purpose in the late civil commotions, hails me with a salvo of sprightly puffs. . . . I have not sat in a chair three minutes when there is a strange sound behind me; 'twas but the wind; no, it is a chuckle, a human chuckle. I turn, and behold the Last Minstrel, in nankeen, with stripes, a banjo in his hand, and the native hue of his cheek hidden beneath the layer of customary black. I have always thought that Christy minstrels cork their faces to conceal the ravages of cynicism; they have been buffeted against the world's indifference to song and dance, till they need a mask to hide their contempt.

THE LAST MINSTREL. Morning. May I make so bold as to say you are one of us? Fellow-sufferer, what a sight is this! (*He strikes a melancholy chord on the banjo.*) Here, take the instrument, and sing me "The Swannie River"—I haven't the heart.

MYSELF. I am the Only Man in Town. As a spurious negro, you don't count.

THE LAST MINSTREL (*with a horrid crash of catgut*). What? Not a man and a brother?

MYSELF. No, sir. I am acquainted with the real negro. He is a waiter in Chicago; he used to wait on me in large white mittens, which crossed my nose when he wanted something on the table. He was fond of standing in a doorway in a dignified attitude, with a small hand-mirror, in which he contemplated his personal beauty. You are not like him at all.

THE LAST MINSTREL. Mighty particular to a mitten, ain't you? What's the difference, I should like to know? I went into the nigger business when I was a kid. For twenty years I've been a gentleman of colour; never washed it off, even on my wedding-day. (*Sings, to a plaintive air.*)

*Ho, ho! such a change in Joe,
As a chickabiddy he was pink;
But alas! and alack!
He's turned black,
And his golden hair is streaming down like ink!*

If it comes to that, you're a regular Christy yourself, barring the cork. Where did you get those slops?

MYSELF. Slops, sir! This elegant suit is from my private wardrobe, which occupies six rooms and a corridor.

THE LAST MINSTREL. Hoop! I can stick all mine into the old bandanna. (*Sings with much sentiment.*)

*Blue, blue, I love you—
I love you, I do!
With lots
Of spots
As yellow as the cornfield;
Green, green, green to me,
And every blazing hue,
My old bandanna, old bandanna, old bandanna true!*

MYSELF. Strange conjunction—the Only Man in Town and the Sham Darkie alone, amid the desolation of Babylon!

THE LAST MINSTREL. Chuck it, old man, and let's go to Margate. I'll give you a song that'll be the making of you at the halls. (*Sings with great spirit.*)

*Some parties close their houses, but that's a bloomin' blind,
For tho' they put the shutters up, they're poppin' corks behind!
That I can spot the game, boys, I'll bet you all a crown,
For I'm the Man in Town, boys, the Only Man in Town!*

Chorus, gentlemen, if you please!

*Some are at the sea-side, a-gettin' very brown,
Some are on the moors, boys, a-bringin' feathers down;
But I am on the job, boys, as jolly as a clown,
For I'm the Man in Town, boys, the Only Man in Town!*

Some years ago, I made a little expedition in Switzerland. I posted a portmanteau at Spiez, on the Lake of Thun, and walked over the Gemmi to Zermatt. The Swiss postal authorities became deeply attached to that portmanteau, and could not bring themselves to part with it for ten days. Meanwhile, I was dressed in flannels, and dependent on the charity of strangers at the hotel for an occasional shirt, pair of socks, and what not. By the tenth day matters were serious. I made an excursion to the Théodule hut, in company with a fair mountaineer, and a friend of mine who has since attained magisterial renown, and who belongs to that distinguished band of public servants of whom Hamlet says so appreciatively, "Give me the Recorders." Well, I had forgotten to have my shoes nailed, and in a slippery place on a narrow path, with an ice-slope on one side, leading to a beautiful, cool, deep pool, and a snow-hill on the other, I lost my footing, and was saved by the sinewy hand of the fair mountaineer, who clutched my collar in the nick of time. How she laughed! How the Recorder (in chrysalis) laughed! If this should meet his eye, I hope it will bring a retrospective smile to the Bench, and soften the severity of justice towards some hapless culprit.

On the way back, tempted by a short cut, I glissaded down a grass slope, unmindful of the adhesiveness of verdure to flannel. How the hotel laughed! Here and there, I thought, a face was clouded. Men who had lent the occasional shirt, pair of socks, and what not, seemed rather dubious and abstracted when I described the day's adventures, especially the timely adroitness of the fair mountaineer. Were they thinking they would never see the what not again, and that they would have had some slight satisfaction had it gone with me to the bottom of the cool, deep pool? It was a critical moment. To walk about a Swiss hotel, keeping your back as close as possible to friendly walls and pieces of furniture, and feeling that half the company suspect you to be an impostor, whose missing portmanteau is a myth, and who has spoiled confiding strangers of their what not: this, I say, is an experience that might shake the stoutest nerve. How could I go down to dinner in verdure clad? How could I borrow more garments from neighbours who showed so plainly that they never expected to see their what not any more? As I sat on my bed in despair, there was a knock at the door, and lo! the portmanteau! I fell upon it with delirious joy, tipping the porter beyond the dreams of avarice. When I appeared in the dining-room, radiant in a fresh suit, there was a moment's stupefaction, and then a burst of applause. Remorse seized the incredulous, and they sought to atone for unfounded suspicion by offering more what not, that I no longer needed.

But, although I am the Only Man in Town, I find there are still children left in St. James's Park. They are small marauders, prompted, I fear, by pernicious fiction to illicit daring. Though fishing in the lake is strictly forbidden, these youthful law-breakers lurk on the shores with rod and line, and land the quarter-ounce stickleback, the largest fish known in these waters. Something in my aspect must inspire confidence, for when I came upon a party engaged in this nefarious pursuit, they smiled on the Only Man in Town; and a little girl, who lived at Stratford, which, she assured me, was not Stratford-on-Avon, explained the dreadful business to me, while her brother and his mate were luring the stickleback from his fathomless lair. "You must know this is very wrong, my child," I said paternally. "Awful," said she; "but we likes stittlebats, does me and Joe and Billy Simpson. It's bad when you get caught by the beadle, though. He locks you up all night." "And how do you catch the stittlebat?" I asked. "Don't ye know? My!" She was amazed at my innocence. "A big brace button at the end of a string and a lot of worms on it. It ought to be a very big brace button," she added, with emphasis. "Joe and Billy have only got little 'uns." There was a pause, and I wondered whether a button in my possession was considered desirable for this illegal industry. Should I encourage crime? Should I, too, defy the laws of my country? Happily, I was saved from the dilemma, for a stately official form appeared on the horizon, and, with a cry of "You Billy!" my small temptress swooped upon her two companions, and vanished from my sight.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen stopped at Perth for nearly an hour last Wednesday morning, and her Majesty was received on the platform by the Duke of Athole and the Marquis of Breadalbane. The royal train, which consisted of sixteen carriages, was run along to the entrance of the Station Hotel, and the eastern platform, which was entirely covered with crimson cloth,

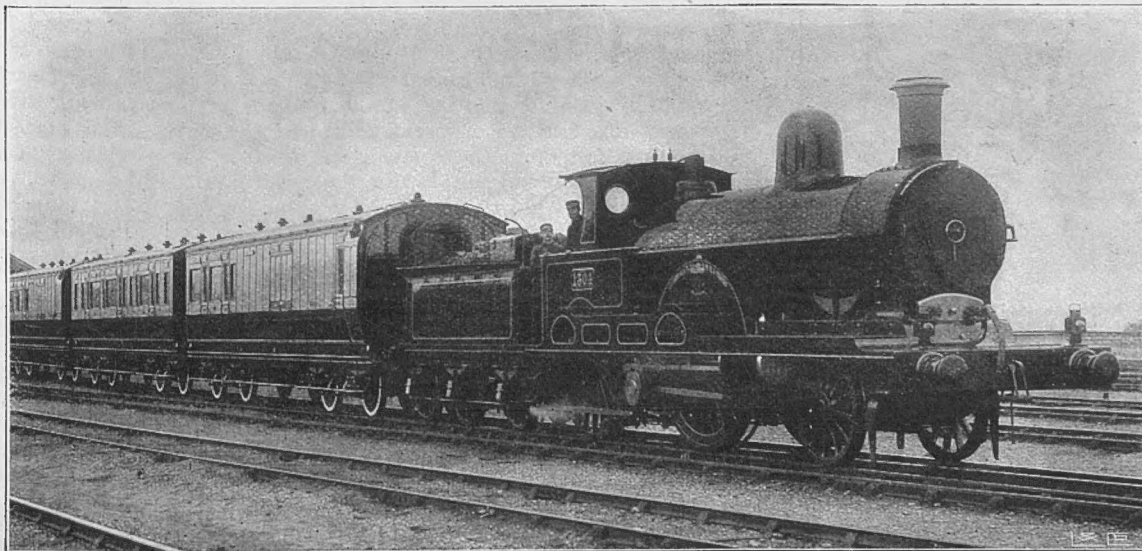


"BALDIE" CROOKES ON ENGINE "90."

Photo by Brown, Lanark.

had been temporarily enlarged in order to afford the necessary accommodation. The Queen, assisted by her Indian domestics, walked slowly down the incline leading from the door of the carriage to the platform, where she stopped for a moment to speak to the Duke of Athole and Lord Breadalbane before entering the hotel. The royal breakfast-room was decorated with flowers sent from Scone Palace, Taymouth Castle, and Freeland; and the Queen took away a basket of orchids and several bouquets. A huge bundle of telegrams was awaiting the arrival of the royal train at Perth, and the Queen, with the assistance of Sir Fleetwood Edwards, went through them as soon as breakfast was over. A considerable number of people had assembled at Perth Station, and the royal party was loudly cheered on leaving. On reaching Ballater, the Queen and the rest of the royalties drove off at once to Balmoral, by the north bank of the Dee, in an open barouche with four horses and outriders.

With the arrival of the Court at Balmoral the Queen gets a comparative holiday, and although, until Parliament rises, there will still be a considerable amount of business to transact, and much hurrying to and fro of special messengers, the bulk of the work is only of the ordinary official description that can, in a great measure, be transacted by Sir Fleetwood Edwards, who is for the time acting as her Majesty's Private Secretary during the absence on leave of Sir Arthur Bigge.

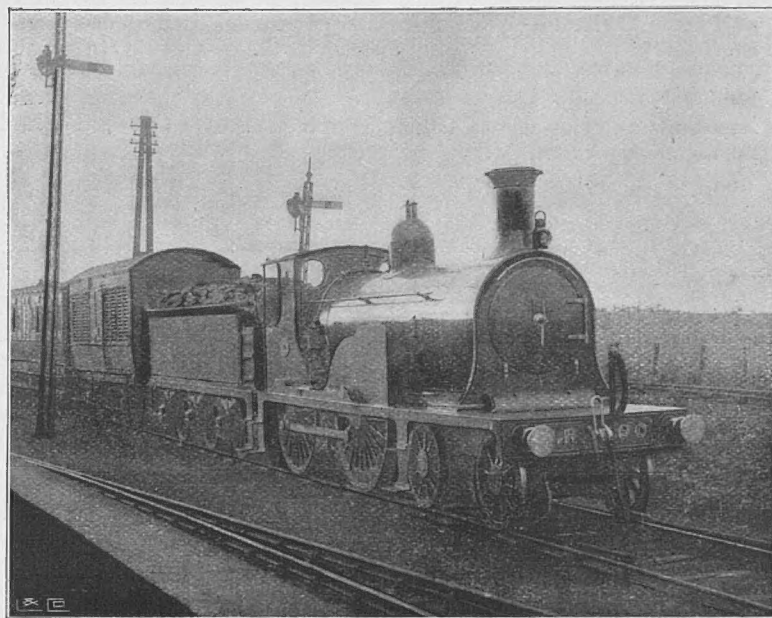


THE JEANIE DEANS.

The Queen is in her usual health, except that her Majesty, and, indeed, all the members of the royal family staying at Osborne, had been more or less upset by the very hot weather during the last fortnight of the Court's residence in the Isle of Wight. Osborne is always a trying residence in the height of the summer, and everyone regularly gets, to some extent, unstrung there during August.

The Prince of Wales will finish his "cure" at Homburg this week, and, after paying a round of visits in Germany, is expected at Braemar, to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Prince intends to be at Newmarket for the second October and Houghton meetings, and at the end of the month his Royal Highness will go to Sandringham for the winter.

It is said that Sir James Drummond, who was appointed to the office of Black Rod in 1883, on the death of Sir William Knollys, will shortly retire, and there is considerable excitement among those who have friends at Court to obtain the reversion to this desirable post. The office is in the gift of the Queen herself, and in old days was worth about £7000 a-year, with a residence. The system of paying by fees was, however, abolished, and a salary of £2000 a-year substituted. On



THE CALEDONIAN ENGINE "90."

Photo by Brown, Lanark.

the retirement of Sir James Drummond there will be a further reduction, if the recommendations are carried out, although it is well known that they were regarded at Court with much disapprobation.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been staying at Osborne with the Queen, are going abroad this week for some time, and they will proceed to Balmoral on a visit to her Majesty when they return to England. Their children are to stay at Balmoral while the Duke and Duchess are on the Continent.

The health of Princess Christian has been much benefited by her visit to Bad-Nauheim, where she passed a month, attended by Lady Edward Cavendish.

The railway race of 1895 will long be remembered in the annals of the iron road—not that it will be considered as final, but because it shows the possibilities of long-distance travelling. The two routes to Scotland from London are very different in character. That by the West Coast, which is run by the London and North-Western Company, is 540 miles long, while the East Coast route is 16½ miles shorter. The winning-post in the journey is at Kinnaber Junction, a little north of Montrose, where the systems of the North British and the Caledonian railways conjoin, and during the racing the greatest excitement was displayed by the passengers in the rival trains, as they watched for the appearance of each other. So far, the London and North-Western have topped the record by doing the journey in 8 hours 40 minutes. By this route four engines are used, one from London to Crewe, and a second on to Carlisle, where the Caledonian Company take over the train. On the day when the record was beaten, the Caledonian engine, No. 90, which was driven by "Baldie" Crookes,

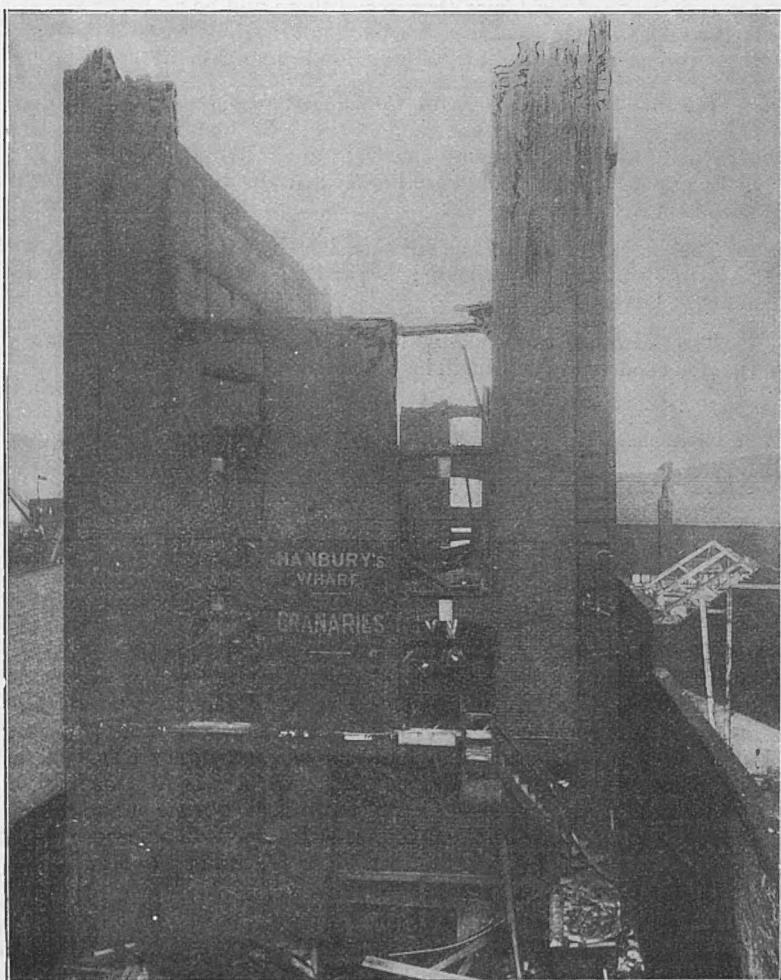
covered the 149 miles from Carlisle to Perth in 149 minutes. The rest of the journey, from Perth to Aberdeen, a distance of 90 miles, was covered in 84½ minutes by engine No. 17. Driver Soutar, who has all along been in charge of this engine, is the railway hero of the moment. Soutar, who is nearly sixty-one, joined the service as a fireman forty-four years ago. He has conveyed the Queen to the North on many occasions with this very engine. There was much excitement at Aberdeen on the great day, the train being waited for by a crowd of spectators. Soutar and his stoker were borne shoulder-high and presented with a couple of blue ribbons. A unique result of the race was that letters which left London by the eight o'clock evening train were sent out in Aberdeen by the first morning delivery. The rate of the train which made the record was 1½ miles per minute.

Much interest has been excited by the records of J. W. Stocks, the cyclist, who has won the Catford Gold Vase with a score of 296 miles 1715 yards in twelve hours, divided over three days.

The fire which burned out the huge seven-storeyed warehouse, Hanbury's Wharf, Blackfriars, the other night, was one of the most disastrous conflagrations that have been seen in London for some years. The most extraordinary incident that occurred was the drowning of an army of rats. Driven from the burning building, they took to the river. The swiftly running tide carried them a considerable distance out of their course. Some hundreds were drowned on the passage, but a number, computed at nine or ten thousand, crossed from the Blackfriars to the Middlesex shore. The wall of the Embankment made a landing impossible, so, with the exception of a very small number, the entire rat-battalion perished in the dark waters.

Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats;
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers;
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Swam fire-lit Thames to save their lives.

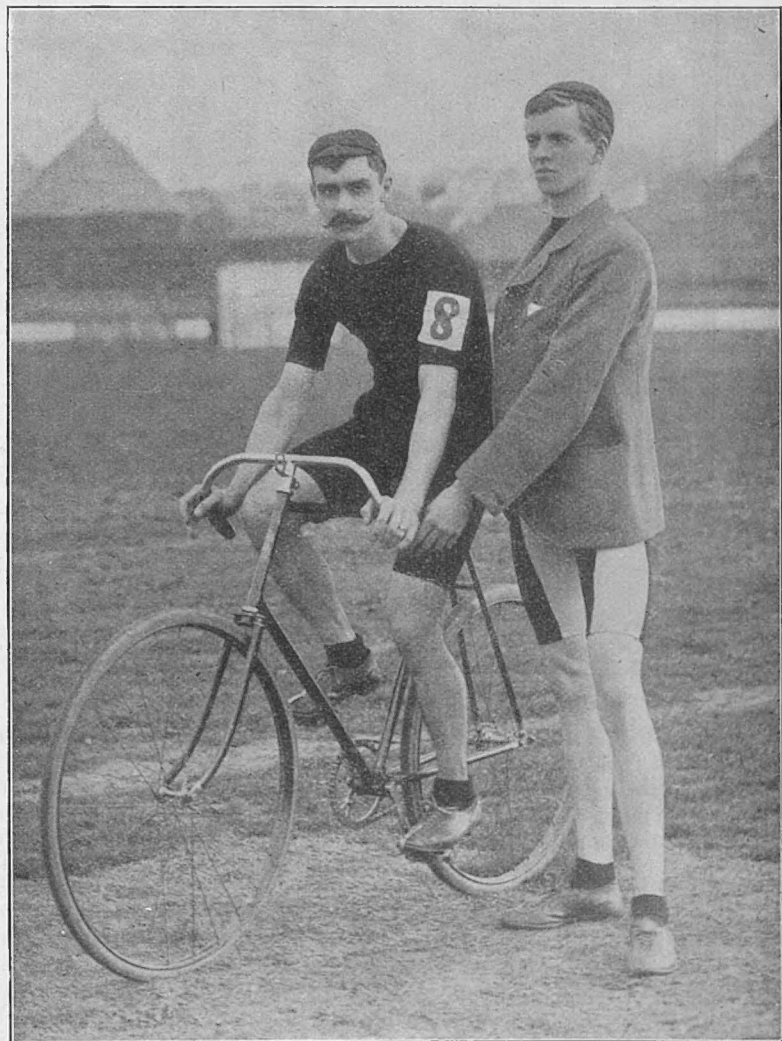
These lines flashed across my mind (the last one being altered to suit the case, with all due apology to the shade of Robert Browning) as "I stood on the bridge at midnight." I never can resist a really good, or perhaps, I ought to say a really bad fire, and the Blackfriars blaze was a more effective one than I had seen for a good many years, and will remain in my memory with the great Tooley Street fire, which I saw when quite a lad, and with the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre, almost my first big fire after leaving school. There were thousands of people watching the effects of flame on sky and river, and one's feelings were not harrowed by the knowledge of lives in peril, for the word had gone through the immense crowd that neither folks nor animals were in the building. Well, the big fire was extremely satisfactory from the scenic point of view, and, not being a holder of insurance shares, I went home quite pleased, though robbed of at least two hours of "beauty sleep."



THE FIRE AT BLACKFRIARS.

Photo by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.

However, here I am, none the worse, at a quiet little Kentish watering-place, not unconnected with the early days of the Queen, and with the prime of the great novelist whom some think it a fine thing to belittle, Charles Dickens. Broadstairs, like most seaside places this year, I believe, is very full. It is a perfect paradise for children, the sands being real sand, not shingle, and perfectly safe. I see there has been a discussion in one of our London dailies lately with regard to the decency or indecency of English bathing, and also as to the relative merits of plunging boldly *in media res*, up to your neck or over it, and of splashing about in gaily coloured garments close to the shore with the sad sea waves up to your ankles. Personally, I must profess that I prefer the plunge, and I like it in the early morning, when the day is young. The bulk of the good folks here seem to prefer their dip later,



J. W. STOCKS.

Photo by H. R. Gibbs Kingsland Road, N.

and the sands and sea present a very good object-lesson on the topic which I have referred to as under discussion. The verdict of the Broadstairs bathers would, I feel confident, without troubling them for their vote on the question, be for the bathe proper—perfectly proper—rather than for the disporting of oneself in water ankle-deep, for they seem thoroughly to revel in the briny, and I am glad to see plenty of excellent swimmers among both girls and boys. As for the decency and indecency question, I have seen nothing to object to here, with one exception. I can hardly commend the costume of two young ladies of about fifteen or sixteen, and, as the German gentleman said, "well devell-opped," who trotted past me to reach the water, and leisurely trotted back again in about half an hour to regain their tent, threading their way through the happy families on the beach in a perfectly unconcerned fashion. The costume in question was simply a "combination" of coloured linen, low in the neck, short in the sleeve, very short in the leg, no skirt whatever. Imagine the picture for yourselves, especially when the garment had been well wetted! Beyond this I have nothing with which to reproach the bathers of Broadstairs.

Talking of Dickens, I find that "Bleak House," which seems to dominate the little town, is empty, and has been empty for a considerable time. The house in which the great novelist wrote the story which has given it its name is not, however, to remain long untenanted. It has been purchased by a gentleman, and its verandahs are already shining in a new suit of green. I dare say, in the winter, when the wind blows in from the east, the house may earn its reputation of bleakness, but, at the moment, seen as I see it now, bathed in warm sunshine, surrounded with foliage, and looking out over picturesque town and summer sea, there is nothing bleak about it beyond its name. I confess I should like to climb its many stairs, if it were only for the sake of a peep from its topmost windows. I don't wonder at Dickens's affection for it and for the place. Both just now are charming.

THE NEW FOREST MANŒUVRES.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



THE SCOTS GUARDS ON THE MARCH.

The difficulties of journalism during August are exemplified by a hunt I have had after certain special information I required for immediate use. I wrote, about Aug. 1, for this information from a correspondent I believed to be in London. An answer came from Luxembourg, saying contributor A. was away for a holiday, but had written to B., asking him to send the facts needed. A letter came to the office, unfortunately addressed to one on the staff by name who was away in Switzerland. It was from B., saying he would gladly supply information if not too late. From Switzerland an answer went swift to B.'s London address, saying, "Send at once." But, in the meantime, B. had gone to the Highlands, whither the letter was forwarded, only to produce the reply, "Can't possibly write articles here; the Glen only possesses pencils and post-cards." I am still hunting for that special information.

Many correspondents of the *Times* have been troubled to account for the origin of the Yankee "twang." They refuse to believe that it is one of America's own inventions, and want to saddle it upon the long-suffering West of England. The best letter on the topic that I have read was that from Mr. G. D. Goman, which appeared in the *Times* last Wednesday. He suggests that his own fair Devon—"the county of cream, and the cream of counties"—ought to share the honour of originating the "twang." And, further, Mr. Goman says that in the old Devonshire dialect—that of Cornwall is very similar—are a number of words and phrases which are, or were, current in the States. "Betterment," for example, he has often heard used in North Devon long before it became Lord Salisbury's "bogy" as an American importation. Mr. Goman, who is one of the smartest journalists in Surrey, makes out a very good case on this interesting discussion. I guess the Pilgrim Fathers must, henceforth, bear part of the responsibility, stranger, for Yankee pronunciation.

It is a well-known custom in the theatrical profession for managers to give away orders to tradespeople in return for the exhibition of contents bills and similar things, but that managers would do well to be careful let the following experience prove. I went, a week ago, to a large shop, whose name I will not give away. I had completed my purchase, and sat down for a few moments for some well-deserved rest and a little chat with a pretty representative of the genus shop-girl. Forthwith the fair maiden was summoned by the proprietress, and, obedient to instructions received, tripped back to me with a couple of tickets. They were marked "For Exhibiting Bills," and would admit to a well-known theatre. "Would you like to go to the theatre?" said the siren, "because, if so, Mrs. Blank says you may have these at half-price. She never goes to the theatre herself, and always sells the tickets she receives for posting bills." I thanked the lady for the offer, but said I thought it wrong to go to places of amusement, and that Exeter Hall was my only form of entertainment. I have since this discovery put several managers on their guard, and any people who get these offers would be doing a good service to theatres by reporting the matter. It is grossly dishonest, and brings good houses into disrepute.

Mr. Streeter, the well-known jeweller of Bond Street, is the happy possessor of an extraordinary diamond. I don't mean to say that Mr. Streeter does not possess more than one extraordinary diamond, for we all know there is that great jewel, the Agra Diamond, the subject of a recent *cause célèbre*, among many others. The diamond to which I refer is, I believe, called the Salisbury Diamond, and is so named because the outline and surface of it present an extraordinary natural likeness to our popular Premier. I am told that the idea is for Conservative enthusiasts to purchase this stone (its price is about five thousand pounds), and present it to their chief. Whether this scheme will be carried out, time will prove; but the diamond would, doubtless, form a handsome and interesting memento of the great victory of the Tories in the year 1895. A little bird has whispered to me another strange thing about this magnificent stone, and that is that the other side of it presents a still more excellent likeness of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, but this is, naturally, not so much remarked upon. If it be the case, why not dub the stone the Coalition Diamond, have it carefully cut in two, and present each chief with his presentment done by Nature, and not to order? This would not only be a memorial of the Conservative victory, but would be a Liberal way of commemorating the same.

Ever since cycling came in vogue, the Law has looked askance at its votaries, and treated them with a severity in which mercy has had no share. Every day the police courts are requisitioned by people with indifferent nerves and tempers who wish to have some unlucky

wheelman mulcted of hard-earned coin of the realm. And I fancy that magistrates—whose days of violent exercise were over before the cycling boom—are a trifle too ready to listen to these complaints, and that many a punishment is undeserved. I have no sympathy with cyclists, because they have vulgarised the country and made innkeepers "wax fat and kick"; they disturb my country meditations, and startle me from delightful day-dreams; but they are human beings, and, as such, justice is their due. Moreover, when I was a school-boy, I used to ride, and soon learnt that pedestrians regarded me with evil eyes. I have given up the exercise for years, but I recognise that the dislike to cyclists is growing very great, and that they are suffering accordingly. Now, if there is one thing on which an Englishman prides himself, it is his spirit of fair play. *Entre nous*, he doesn't possess it, but this doesn't matter. If he would only recollect the reputation he has conferred upon himself, and would live up to it, the cyclist would not be badgered so unfairly. People would not stand still to be run over just on the chance of damaging a man's machine, they would not howl at a cyclist because he can ride faster than they can walk, they would not perjure themselves in the police court to enrich the poor-box.

The other day, when I was standing in the hall of the Hôtel des Armes de France, at Rouen, the handsome, buxom landlady came to me and said, "Monsieur, my husband is going to cook you this evening some *tripes à la mode de Caen*, for which he is famous." "Madame," I answered, laying my hand on what the French euphemistically call the heart, "I know nothing more delightful than his *veau sauté Marengo*; as for the *tripes*, it calls up painful thoughts." So I had the veal exquisitely stewed by the *patron* of one of the best and cheapest hotels I have visited during my long wanderings in France. The *tripes* reminded me painfully of my first visit to the city in which Beau Brummel died. For I was stranded there with a friend, and we had but one franc between us—which we never spent. He was to have been my banker, but he lost all our money on the *petits chevaux* at Boulogne. Oh, those "beastly beasts!" as the young gentleman in "The Rocket" would say, how many plans have they upset! We had but that one franc, and, not liking to run up a big bill while waiting for supplies, stayed at a nasty little cheap inn, where they gave us *tripes à la mode de Caen* at almost every meal, and I was so hungry I had to eat the dish; but I loathed it.

Yet I date from that visit the interest in architecture which has doubled my pleasure in every journey that I have since taken, for one can hardly see such splendid buildings as L'Abbaye aux Hommes and L'Abbaye aux Dames—built by William the Conqueror and Matilda as penance for their first-cousin marriage—and also that exquisite gem of architecture the Church of St. Pierre, without being forced by curiosity and interest to consider the question how they came to be so different in style. How many fascinating days I can remember in the picturesque old city, which only yields to Rouen, if it yields, in wealth of interest! It used to be very inaccessible to the English—of course, I don't mean in the early days, when they captured it twice—since the journey from Rouen, even if you break it at the charming Lisieux, is unpleasing. Now, however, the enterprising directors of the London, Brighton, and South Coast have had the "happy thought" of running a boat direct to Caen. This sounds strange, seeing that Caen is eight miles from the sea, but it is on the pretty river Orne, and there is also the canal. Consequently, you can get on one of their fine steamers at Newhaven, and, after a pleasant sail, find yourself on the quay of the city from which Charlotte Corday set out on her fatal mission. The passage, of course, is a little longer than from Newhaven to Dieppe, but, as a rule, is even a little smoother, since it is further from the nasty neck of the Channel where the waves have the churning movement that lowers the flag of many a boastful transatlantic sailor. If Providence had but placed Dover and Calais at twice their relative distance, the Channel would not have acquired its evil reputation, though, of course, I don't pretend to say that one does not sometimes pay toll in other parts of La Manche. By-the-bye, Caen is close to Trouville, Cabourg, and a host of fashionable pretty seaside places.

Professor Paolo Bellezza has now returned to Italy, after a short stay in London of about five weeks. During this, his second visit to England, he has been particularly struck with the many proofs of practically untrammelled personal liberty that have caught his eye on his walks abroad. So, perhaps, with this testimony from an acute foreign observer, we ought not, after all, to grumble so much at our London police, whom he compares very favourably with the Italian gendarmes.

The term at the Milan Circolo Filologico, where Bellezza is Professor of Italian Literature, does not begin until November; but he has to go back early this autumn to fulfil an engagement for a few weeks as tutor to the sons of the Duke of Milan, the latter-day representative of the famous house of Visconti. The Duke's palace on the Lake of Como recalls to my mind Claude Melnotte's glowing picture of that imaginary palace "lifting to eternal summers," &c.

A couple of days before he left, Bellezza was much interested in a paragraph in a daily paper concerning the recent growth of clericalism in Milan, and he attributes the change to the ascendancy gained within a few months by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, Ferrari. This prelate is quite in the prime of life, about two-and-forty, exceedingly active and energetic, a great favourite in Milan, and also a *persona grata* with the College of Cardinals. Ferrari has a very good chance of becoming Pope before he is many years older,

THE ALBUM.

This New High-Class Art Newspaper consists of Forty Pages of Literary and Art Matter and a Sixteen-Page Supplement every week, price Sixpence.

The Supplement for the Next Issue, Monday, September 9, will contain ILFRACOMBE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD, beautifully printed on a Special Enamelled Paper.

The FIRST VOLUME, bound in cloth, gilt edges, is now ready, price 15s. 6d.

Covers for binding the PARTS, 2s. 6d.

"The ALBUM forms an almost unrivalled picture gallery of contemporary celebrities and of the art of the day."—DAILY NEWS.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE NEW FOREST MANŒUVRES.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



ON THE MARCH.



REGIMENTAL TRANSPORT.

For the first time since he became editor of the *Daily News*, Sir John Robinson is taking a holiday. He may be seen on the parade at Hastings, not quite at home, for he seems to be wondering which is the way to Bouverie Street, and cannot quite account for the quantity of water in the Strand. I hope Sir John will stay at Hastings long enough to realise that it is really the seaside, and that his afternoon saunter will not carry him to the editorial den.

I have so often broken my nails over penknives that I feel deeply grateful to the genius who has invented the knife with two little knobs for opening the blades. Why this was not thought of before I cannot divine. It is said that the inventor made ten thousand pounds out of the patent. Why didn't I think of those simple little knobs?

Decidedly, two ballets are better than one, and, in so far as this truth stretches, I am pleased that "Brighton Pier" has been added to the Empire programme. Eight o'clock is, however, a somewhat early hour for the average man to reach the theatre. I find myself playing the old familiar game of knife-and-fork quite happily, until the chimes of clocks remind me that the object of my last platonic affection will be on view. Then remorse seizes me, and I make often absurd excuses to depart. Here is my tale of woe, dedicated to the lady in question—

The shadows of approaching night
Are falling swiftly on the town,
Dinner has been a dear delight,
And coffee will our comfort crown;
But, ere it comes, I rise and say,
"If you'll excuse me, I must go,
I've just remembered I can't stay—
Important business, don't cherno."

What is it takes me from my seat
Despite Convention's stern decree,
And sends me through the rainy street
In all its muddy misery?
I seek no lovely lady's bower,
For that would argue me a sinner
(Besides, at this unearthly hour,
She'd be at dinner).

For social gatherings I've no thirst;
Of such "perfunctions" *quantum suff.*
I'd see dull dances further first
(Besides, it isn't late enough).
But why conceal the truth sublime,
When to proclaim it I've a chance?
I hurry off, to be in time
For your first dance.

What greater proof of passion pure
Could you desire, my lady fair—
The chaff of friends, hard to endure,
The loss of coffee, hard to bear?
Yet, when I see you I forget
The sacrifice I have to make
(Though indigestion haunt me yet)
For your sweet sake.



"ON BRIGHTON PIER," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

The shooting season has returned to us, but the question of tips remains an unsettled trouble. Many men receive and refuse invitations from country houses, simply because their modest incomes will not stand the severe strain produced by the claims of gamekeepers and the smaller fry who batten on the moors. This matter demands the serious attention of hosts and hostesses. No gentleman likes to feel in a false position, and the keepers know this and act accordingly, while the difficulty in the way of those who try to set things right is very great. It is entirely a question to be settled by the tact and good sense of people who fill their



THE BARTON HILL SHOOTING PARTY.

houses every week during the autumn with men whom they wish to entertain. I have never been able to find a justification for lavish expenditure on men who do nothing more than the duty for which their employer engaged them. I feel aggravated when a man renders me an unnecessary service, simply that he may claim an exorbitant fee; it is a kind of robbery which masks itself under the guise of hospitality. If entertainers are not aware of the extortion, their eyes should be opened; if they are cognisant of it, a remedy should be forthcoming. In these days of depression, a modest man's income may stand gold-tipped cigarettes, but gold-tipped gamekeepers are too much of a luxury, except in very occasional doses.

I recently made a discovery so unpleasant that I hasten to see if I can't make some of my readers feel as qualmish as I did. I was down in the country going over a pheasant-farm in company with one or two ardent sportsmen and a man who does an enormous business in the ordinary egg of commerce and the breakfast-table. For some unexpiated sin, I suffered from his attentions all day. He almost talked me into feeling an interest in his fowl-farm when he began telling me how some of the birds got ill at times, and how he doctored them. He confessed that he sometimes held over "new-laid" eggs for a rise in the market, and that the qualifying adjective was sometimes two or three weeks beyond its time. This was, he opined, a trick of the trade, and perfectly fair. I suggested, in the course of conversation, that his place must be expensive in winter, when ills were many and eggs were few. "Oh, that's all right," said he; "I get eggs all the year round." My looks expressed surprise, so he continued, *sotto voce*, "I feed them on meat." "But," I said, "if you give them meat, it must make the eggs too expensive to sell at a profit." "No, that's just where you're wrong," he continued, "for it's cats'-meat." And then I was seized with a feeling of deep regret that I had come out without my gun.

Writing of pheasant-farming reminds me that in and around the pleasant county of Buckinghamshire the pheasant-farmers are making a lot of money. They start, in some cases, by putting pheasant-eggs under the common or garden hen, and then devote one or two fields to a sort of nursery, where the young birds are fed and looked after. They soon become very tame and nest readily in and round the plantation. Their eggs have a high market value, never fetching less than ninepence, and often as much as a shilling apiece. Men who have extensive shooting-parties require more than the normal number of birds, and the market is always brisk. The curious part of the rearing is that these home-bred birds, if turned into the coverts a few weeks before shooting commences, speedily become quite wild. Of course, the demand for pheasants' eggs gives rise to poaching, but it is never any good, because skilled buyers can always distinguish between the eggs of a wild and tame pheasant, and won't touch the former. You can see them go right through a crowd of eggs and pick out one or two in which the colouring is slightly different to a well-trained eye. These they reject, and thereby the poacher suffers. Strange to tell, pheasant-farming is not at present an overstocked business, although it is so profitable and needs such a little initial expenditure.

The enterprising *Minster* publishes a charming photograph of a lady who is described as "Mrs. Savile-Clarke." The portrait is really that of Miss Kitty Savile-Clarke.

When the missionary *Minster*
Seeks a popular *éclat*,
It gives a lovely spinster
As a portrait of her Ma.

Miss Constance A. Courtenay, a young actress who undertakes the part of Lady Dodo Singleton in Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's "Shop Girl" Company, is a pupil of the Royal College of Music; she has had the benefit of the admirable training of Professor Blower in voice-production, and Mr. John D'Auban had little difficulty in teaching her dancing and deportment—indeed, he reckons her among his most accomplished pupils. This is Miss Courtenay's first professional appearance, it may be remarked, but, as an amateur, she carried away some of the chief honours when the College played "Le Roi la Dit" before the Queen at Windsor and at the annual *matinée*, which was held at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last spring. She appeared as the Marquis de la Bluette, her charming voice and her graceful figure in the costume of the Louis Quatorze period evoking much approval. In "The Shop Girl," Miss Courtenay's rendering of "Over the Sea and Far Away" is nightly encoered.

One afternoon, a few weeks ago, I attended a *matinée* performance of one of the most successful plays in London, and a trivial incident occurred that set me thinking. There was a dear little girl, *à l'at.* five years, in our party, and, half-way through the piece, a note was brought into the box for her. It was from one of the many very pretty actresses engaged there, and, if my recollection serves me rightly, was written mainly about dolls and the dresses thereof. It was read to the child, who soon put it on a vacant chair and began to talk of something else. This was the incident. The thoughts produced thereby were of what grown-up and presumably rational men would not have given for a note from such a pretty woman. How they would have treasured it up, read and re-read it, noted every curve of every letter! Haven't we all done so in our salad days, and don't some of us do so still? Again, I noticed that many of the prettiest women looked up and smiled at the little one, and she accepted their greetings with frank unconcern. The glamour of the stage that makes a pretty woman lovely, and a plain one—if such a thing be possible—pretty, was absolutely without effect. But it was very trying to see such charming blandishments displayed to so unappreciative a person. There were enough smiles to have made a hundred men happy, and there they were almost wasted.

A holiday-note from the North. Scene, the Pier, Whitby; personages, the Bellman and a crowd of visitors. Monologue by Bellman, an old fellow with one short foot on an iron boot; a voice now down in the lowest depths, now up to the highest pitch, and a strong Yorkshire accent: "Remember, the West Cliff Saloon is open to-night! Mr. Edward Terry, of London, will tread the boards in somethink new. There's somethink in a name—is is a good 'un!"

Mr. Fred G. Latham's company, with "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," have started their tour at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, with Blackpool to follow. Miss Cynthia Brooke, in the title-part, seems to be equalling her former provincial success as the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and the mantle of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, as Lucas Cleeve, is taken up by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, a clever young actor, who shows brains in every-

thing he does. In another of Mr. Latham's companies there is a new Paula, in the person of Miss Cecile Cromwell, and this name reminds me that a former manager of a Sheffield theatre was called Oliver Cromwell. The part of Aubrey Tanqueray is now being filled by Mr. Dawson Millward, who, up till quite recently, was one of the principal members of leading London amateur dramatic clubs.

The sojourners at that fashionable transatlantic seaside resort, Newport, Rhode Island, have got a piquant theme for conversation, for it is proposed to hold there an amateur circus, in which the performers would be leaders of American Society, now, alas! bereft of the counsel of the late Ward McAllister. A similar entertainment was given six years ago by Waterbury, the Cordage Trust King; but the present show,

if it ever comes off, is likely to be far more interesting, owing to the development of the "New Woman" movement. For instance, a bicycle quadrille, in which ladies would take part, is freely spoken of, and there is even talk of a bicycle-race, also for Columbian belles. As regards the male element, various well-known men of means and muscle are mentioned as capable of performing in wrestling exhibitions, polo-races, and so forth, and the question of cost alone will be the stumbling-block, if there is one. The Waterbury circus cost 20,000 dollars.

That much-boomed and very successful serpentine dancer, Miss Loie Fuller, billed nowadays as "La Loie," has been making a furor in the leading Scotch music-halls; while Newcastle people have been grumbling at her promised visit to them being so often deferred. I presume, by-and-by, Miss Loie Fuller will appear in London again.

Certain useful young gentlemen of my acquaintance will, perhaps, feel flattered when they know that the title of a play being toured this summer in Ohio and Virginia is, "The Printer's Devil." Two other pieces have even more peculiar names—"Newest Devil's Auction" and "Greater Twelve Temptations."

The latest novelty in the way of games is an automatic exhibition of baseball-playing. In spite of the efforts of Mr. R. G. Knowles, the sport has yet scarcely become acclimatised in England, but "across the pond" the papers devote columns and columns to it. It was natural, therefore, that New York should be the locale of this automatic baseball show, an ingenious arrangement duplicating the movements of the runners by means of dummies, and the changing positions of the ball being represented by electric lights. The exhibition was managed by three brothers Jefferson.

An extraordinary state of things obtains at a little French township, where all the municipal decrees end with the stereotyped phrase, "This shall be made public by sound of trumpet." Unfortunately, the functionary to whom this duty is entrusted possesses nothing better than a paltry hand-bell, and, still more curiously, if any inhabitant of the place is asked what post this official holds, the invariable answer is, "Oh, he is the town-drummer." To hold the important positions of town-drummer and town-trumpeter, and to have to perform on a ridiculous bell, is hard on this public officer.



MISS CONSTANCE COURTENAY AS LADY DODO SINGLETON IN "THE SHOP GIRL."

Photo by Frank Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

"TRILBY," ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

The forthcoming production of "Trilby" by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who will give the provinces the first chance of seeing the play which Mr. Paul M. Potter dramatised from Mr. Du Maurier's famous novel, may not stir this country as it has done America, but it is distinctly the theatrical event of the autumn. The United States has, of course, gone mad with delight over the book, and the rise and progress of its popularity has actually been described in detail in a pamphlet called "Trilbyana,"



MR. PAUL POTTER, THE DRAMATISER OF "TRILBY."

Photo by Sarony, New York.

published by the New York Critic. From this brochure we extract the following interesting passages bearing on the triumph of "Trilby."

The novel began to appear in *Harper's Monthly* in January 1894, when Mr. Henry James prophesied that it would prove to be a glorification of the "long leg and the twentieth year."

Mr. Potter's dramatisation of "Trilby" was produced by Mr. A. M. Palmer's company at the Boston Museum on Monday, March 4, 1895, and achieved so great a success that several companies were immediately put upon the road to play it throughout the country. Its first production in New York, with the original cast,

occurred at the Garden Theatre, on April 15. Hundreds of people were turned away from the door for want of room to accommodate them; and an offer was received from Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the eminent English actor, for the privilege of producing the play in England, where he himself wished to impersonate Svengali. It would be a pity if the Lyceum company did not secure the English rights, for Mr. Irving would make an inimitable Svengali, and Ellen Terry would be Trilby without trying.

As nobody has ever succeeded, or is likely to succeed, in really dramatising a novel, it is not surprising that the stage version of "Trilby" should prove in some respects unsatisfactory. It might be thought that the book would lend itself readily to dramatic treatment; but a little consideration will show that it offers peculiar difficulties to the playwright, inasmuch as its chief charm is one of manner, which cannot be transferred to the stage, while its story, although it contains some striking situations, such as Trilby's collapse upon the death of Svengali, consists chiefly of a series of episodes largely independent of each other and strung together very loosely. All things considered, Mr. Potter ought not, perhaps, to be held to too strict an account for the liberties he has taken with the text and some of the personages, but he has certainly lowered the tone of the work, and been guilty of various crudities of construction. There is some excuse for his employment of Svengali as the evil influence which wrecks the happiness of Little Billee and Trilby, but he leaves nothing of the author's original intention, and infinitely belittles the character of the girl, when he attributes her flight from her lover to mesmeric suggestion, instead of her own noble and unselfish devotion. In many other similar ways the spiritual side of the book suffers at his hands. His persistent references to Trilby's posing for the figure, his selection of that particular incident for her first introduction, and the joking references to it which he puts into the mouths of other personages, are in bad taste, while his travesty of the character of Dr. Bagot is entirely without justification. Mrs. Bagot he treats with more consideration, but he reduces her to the level of the dullest stage conventionality. Trilby herself preserves a good many of her characteristics, but is degraded even more than in the book by her subserviency to Svengali.

The play is in four acts, and the whole story up to the flight of Trilby is compressed into the first two. This feat is accomplished with no small ingenuity, but at great cost of probability. In this brief space Trilby is wooed and won, Svengali asserts his mesmeric power, the marriage of Little Billee is arranged and interrupted by the arrival of his mother, and an elopement is planned and frustrated. In the third act, Trilby is to sing in the Cirque des Bashibazouk, and all the characters reassemble as if by magic in the foyer of that temple of art, which is abandoned of all other persons for their sole benefit. The proceedings which are supposed to occur in this retired spot are intrinsically absurd, but they are effective enough from a scenic and theatrical point of view, and were accepted by the audience, on the first night, as eminently natural and satisfactory. They culminate in the ghastly death of Svengali and the restoration of Trilby, in a dazed and exhausted condition, to the three

faithful friends. In the fourth act there is another reunion of characters, and Trilby, who has agreed once more to marry Little Billee, and is supposed to be on the road to recovery, dies suddenly, upon the unexpected apparition of Svengali's photograph.

As it stands, the play is not much superior, if at all, to ordinary melodrama, being almost wholly void of the literary, humorous, and personal charm of the book; but it is very well played, has a number of effective scenes, and is unquestionably popular. Miss Harned's Trilby, though rather a faint reflection of the original, has the merit of being attractive and womanly, as well as free and frank; and exhibits true pathos in the mesmeric scenes. On the whole, it is a very creditable impersonation. Mr. Lackaye's Svengali is overwrought, but indisputably strong; and Burr McIntosh, John Glendenning, and Alfred Hickman represent the three friends cleverly, and furnish excellent living pictures of Du Maurier's sketches. Mr. Dietrichstein makes an admirable Zouzou, and all the minor parts are performed competently. A feature of the representation which is received with special favour is the Christmas merry-making in the Latin Quarter, which is as vivacious and realistic as could be wished. . . .

Of entertainments founded upon Mr. Du Maurier's book, the name is legion. The most pretentious, and at the same time the most successful, was the series of "Scenes and Songs from 'Trilby.'" . . . Every detail of the tableaux had been thought out with infinite care, and posing, grouping, and make-up were as near perfection as Du Maurier himself could have wished. The programme included the singing of "Ben Bolt," "Bonjour, Suzon," "Au Clair de la Lune," and several other songs, and the following tableaux: "The Three Musketeers of the Brush"; "Wistful and Sweet"; "Svengali"; "I Will Not!"; "All as it Used to Be"; "Answer Me, Trilby!"; "The Soft Eyes"; "The Sweet Melodic Phrase"; "Dors, Ma Mignonne"; "The Nightingale's First Song"; "Malbrouck," and "It was Trilby." . . .

At Mr. Mansfield's Garrick Theatre, "Trilby" has been burlesqued. It had already been parodied in book-form, produced as a melodrama, read aloud in drawing-rooms, with music, and put on the platform in "scenes and songs," so that nothing was left to do with it but to make an "operatic burlesque" of it, and this was duly accomplished by Messrs. Joseph W. Herbert and Charles Puerner, the latter being responsible for the music, and the former for the words. The piece is called "Thrilly." As in the serious play founded upon the novel, the villain (rechristened "Spaghetti") is the principal figure; and mesmerism is carried to a ridiculous excess, even inanimate objects succumbing to its influence. There is a farce within this farce; for "Madame Sans-Gêne" is parodied in a sub-play introduced under the name of "Madame Sans Ra-Gêne." The burlesque is by no means free from horse-play, but it unquestionably accomplishes its purpose, which is merely to amuse. . . .

Harper's Weekly has received a copy of the programme of a novel and decidedly interesting literary and musical entertainment given on Oct. 17, at Omaha.

It was called "An Evening with 'Trilby.'" The participants were all gentlemen. The subjects of the papers read were "The Story of 'Trilby,'" "Du Maurier, his Life and Work," "The French of 'Trilby,'" "The Identity of the Artists in 'Trilby,'" "Trilby's Voice and Method," "Trilby as a Hypnotic Subject," "Could 'Trilby' be Successfully Dramatised?" After each paper there was 'Trilby' music, which included "Ben Bolt," "Au Clair de la Lune," "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en Guerre," and other songs and instrumental pieces. At the end of the programme comes the inquiry, "What shall we 'ave the pleasure of drinkin' after that werry nice 'armony?" and then the page turns over to the farewell couplet—

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night.

It is a pretty far cry from Paris to Omaha, but Trilby's voice seems to have carried that distance without the least trouble. It is worth remarking that these Omaha gentlemen made seven "papers" about her without finding it necessary to discuss her morals.

"Trilby" representations have broken out in all sorts of strange places. At the Eden Musée, New York, Miss Ganthony has been restrained from impersonating Du Maurier's heroine; and at "The Greatest Show on Earth," Miss Marie Meers, who has not been restrained, appears nightly in Trilby costume, riding bareback (not barefoot) around the tan-bark to the snapping of ringmaster Svengali's whip.



MR. A. M. PALMER, THE PRODUCER OF "TRILBY."

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

"TRILBY," IN THE UNITED STATES.

Photographs by Sarony, New York.



SVENGALI (MR. WILTON LACKAYE).



TRILBY (MISS VIRGINIA HARNED).



THE REV. THOMAS BAGOT (MR. L. WALTON).



LITTLE BILLEE (MR. FRED HICKMAN).

"TRILBY," IN THE UNITED STATES.

Photographs by Sarony, New York.



GECKO (MR. ROBERT PATON GIBBS).



THE LAIRD (MR. JOHN GLENDENNING).



TAFFY (MR. BURR MCINTOSH).



TRILBY (MISS VIRGINIA HARNED).

“TRILBY,” IN THE UNITED STATES.

Photographs by Sarony, New York.



MIMI (MISS MARTA ELMO).



ANGELE (MISS GRACE PIERPONT).



ZOUZOU (MR. LEO DIETRICHSTEIN).



MADAME VINARD (MADAME COTTRELLY).

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE REAL CHARLOTTE."*

The two authors of "The Real Charlotte" have proved themselves capable of a notable achievement. They have produced a story which deals with a commonplace and sordid phase of modern Irish life, and



MARTIN ROSS (MISS V. MARTIN).

which is yet interesting and readable, as have been few of the novels purporting to give a true account of life in the distressful country.

Widely different as are the two books, there is between "The Real Charlotte" and "Aunt Anne" a certain elective affinity. In each story a successful attempt has been made to draw a realistic and unsparing picture of a complex woman, and no sordid detail concerning and explaining either the mental or physical condition of the subject was in either case spared. But whereas in "Aunt Anne" Mrs. W. K. Clifford skilfully concentrated the whole interest in and about her central figure, those responsible for "The Real Charlotte" have chosen to give an almost equally preponderant rôle in the tragic comedy to another and very different feminine type; and as much pains has been taken over the analysis of Francie Fitzpatrick, the *insouciant*, under-bred, beautiful Irish girl, more often met with in real life than in fiction, as with the grim and powerful presentment of her elder cousin, Charlotte Mullen, in whose nature were concentrated all the passion, loyalty, treachery, and greed, and kindred vices and virtues, with which the Irish nature and temperament is alternately credited.

The action of the story, if one or two short migrations to Dublin be excepted, is laid entirely in one of those small Irish country towns which, though within fifty miles of Stephen's Green, have still remained almost feudal in their composition, each inhabitant having his or her appointed place, but meeting the one with the other far more frequently, and mixing far more freely, than they would do in, say, a similar English or Scotch townlet.

Lismoyle and its gossip-loving, good-natured, unperceptive society, is cleverly indicated, as are the social relations between the Dysarts of Bruff and their late land-agent's daughter, Miss Charlotte Mullen. The lady is accepted by the Dysarts as a somewhat eccentric but pleasing type of the shrewd, jovial, good-tempered Irishwoman, probably no less vulgar than many of the ladies on Lady Dysart's visiting list. She was never so dull as they. She took in the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, and could talk on Spiritualism, books, or, indeed, on any current topic with a point of agreeability which made her accent to English ears merely the expression of a vigorous individuality.

The household at Bruff, with its English mistress, imbecile master, one wholly delightful daughter, and studious, thoughtful heir, who was not smart nor aggressive enough for the soldiering type, not sporting enough for the country gentleman, is excellently described, and gives an excuse for some clever comedy.

The plot, such as it is, turns on the absorbing Phèdre-like passion felt by Charlotte Mullen for Rhoderick Lambart, the good-looking, extravagant land-agent, her father's one-time pupil, and successor in the management of the Dysarts' estate. When it is added that Lambart was married to a "woman of the turkey-hen type," who, though well off, could boast, as her only extravagances, of a Maltese terrier and

a shelf of patent medicines; further, that he cherished a scarcely concealed and wholly unpaternal affection for the spoilt, wilful Francie, a past-mistress in the art of flirtation—the general outlines of this study in temptations need scarce be more than indicated. Except in the case of a taciturn English soldier, Francie (herself sublimely unconscious of the real nature possessed by her guardian and rival Charlotte) captivates every man in the book, from the philosophic Christopher Dysart, who makes some attempt to educate her by means of Rossetti and Tennyson, to the heartless lieutenant, Mr. Gerald Hawkins, who rouses her from her Galatean insensibility, and so acts the part of *deus ex machina*.

Certain pages of the story might have been signed by the author of "Uncle Silas," and only the writers' former powerful Irish story, "Naboth's Vineyard," recalls anything analogous to the pitiless description of the life led by the "wise woman," Julia Duffy, in the neglected farmhouse which had been the abhorrence and the despair of each successive Bruff agent, but which still had about it, as so often happens in Ireland, some air of the old days when Gurthnamuckla had been the home of a country gentleman.

To trace in detail the sombre career of "The Real Charlotte," and make clear how she attained her various ends, were scarce fair to either authors or readers. As so often occurs in a really notable piece of fiction, the story is nothing, the mode of telling everything. Scarce a chapter but contains a description, a conversation, a scene worthy of extract, and throwing strange, often lurid, light on what has been conventionally dubbed "the Irish Question." If "The Real Charlotte" describes truly the Ireland of to-day, these things have not changed for the better since Maria Edgeworth wrote "Castle Rackrent," though the shrewd Irish gentlewoman must have come across every country type within hail of Edgeworthstown.

With commendable discretion the authors of "The Real Charlotte" have avoided any mention of politics or religion, and this alone adds a value to the book sadly lacking in almost every modern story of high life. Still it must be, in all sincerity, added that no lover of Ireland—indeed, no student of the Irish history of the past hundred years, admittedly a long record of triumphant failure and indomitable strength of purpose—will read "The Real Charlotte" without a sense of melancholy and disappointment. The story, perhaps all unconsciously, forms a terrible indictment against the nation which produced in turn Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Parnell, and Carey, the assassin-informer.

M. A. B.



MISS SOMERVILLE.

"ALMAYER'S FOLLY."

A novel which has come to my notice late, Mr. Conrad's "Almayer's Folly" (Unwin), deserves a warmer reception than, to my knowledge, it has received. Yet one readily perceives it is not a book to make a noise. With all its ability and all its beauty, it is not altogether forcible in the ordinary sense of the word. The author is just a little careless whether or not he is wearying his readers while he is himself absorbed in the fascinations of Malay landscape. He tells his story as if to intimates; not to outsiders, and—terrible offence—he forces his readers too often to turn back and re-read something of importance to the narrative, which he had too slightly insisted on to command their attention and memory. The melancholy life of a white man among Malays is the subject. He has married a native woman; his daughter, even after a course of education among whites, turns instinctively to Malay ways of life and thought; surrounded by enmity and suspicion, his enterprises come to naught. Almayer is a melancholy figure, set in a sombre background of lonely forest, and Mr. Conrad brings him no deliverer save Death. A feeling of disappointment that what promises to be a tale of sturdy adventure in an unfamiliar and picturesque world, should turn into a long-drawn story of despair, is natural enough, but the writer of "Almayer's Folly" is one who has learnt his craft. The dreamy pathos of his scenes, his power of revealing natural beauty, and the delicacy of his style, convince me that in him we have a poetic novelist of uncommon promise.

* "The Real Charlotte." By E. Somerville and Martin Ross. London: Ward and Downey.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE GIRL AT THE FAIR.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

"Let us go," said the Manager, "and see all the fun of the fair."

"With all my heart," said I, for I do love merry-go-rounds.

We had come to that little French town in the Pyrenees together, in search of "rest and change," such as doctors prescribe to one when they want to go out of town themselves at the end of the season, and are anxious to get rid of their few remaining patients on some decent pretext. The Manager was a rotund and good-humoured man. He adored nature, he said, and he hated the theatre. 'Tis an affectation of managers. But when, after five days of solitude, tempered by *commis voyageurs*, he heard that a fair was coming to the town, I saw gleams of relief in his vacant eye. "Anything," they said plainly, "to diversify this monotony!"

So we went out to the fair. "Very French!" said the Manager. For my own part, I thought only, "Very human and familiar!" For a fair is a fair the wide world over. There were the selfsame stalls, with the selfsame trinkets, as in our native villages; there were the identical gilt gingerbreads, as stale as ever, and the marvellous sights, as delusive as in our infancy. The Fat Woman still displayed her expansive charms, and invited you still to assure yourself, by tactual demonstration, of their flesh-and-blood reality; the Talking Fish resolved himself, as usual, into a seal in a tub; the Giant and the Dwarf were respectively many inches shorter and taller than their counterfeit presentments on the gaily coloured advertisement-board outside the shabby tent that housed them. All was noise and bustle and tinsel and petroleum—exactly like every other fair in the world, from England to Kamschatka.

"Very different from that kick-up we saw at Cairo, eh?" the Manager observed sharply, for he has the eye for difference.

That was curious, seeing I had just been saying to myself, "How precisely like that Mahomedan festival we saw at Cairo!" But, then, for my part, I have the eye for likeness. The Manager thought only of the brown or white skins, the hats or turbans; I thought only of the underlying human aspect of the thing—the curiosity, the gullibility, the flare, the glitter, the childish joy, the coquetry, the bickering.

The Manager, with the instinct of his kind, made straight for a certain booth, where a lady in spangles, of historical charms, was posing outside in very dirty tights, while a gentleman with a big drum was alternately banging it and requesting the dubious and dubitative public to "Walk up, walk up!" in very choice French, with a strong Provençal accent.

"Walk up, walk up!" the Manager mused, rehearsing, as it were, his own part beforehand; "this is not In-at-one-door-and-out-at-the other—we give you a long and tedious performance!"

At the word, we entered, and took our seats on the reserved benches, at one franc fifty—unreserved places being seventy-five centimes. Three woe-begone ladies, in very painful skirts, stood disconsolate on the stage, and discoursed to one another in somewhat hoarse voices. A ruffian, with a most villainous and sensuous face, just behind us leaned over towards us with condescending confidence. "Elle va entrer," he whispered; "She's just going to come on." And, as he spoke, *She* entered.

We saw in a moment why he said "She" so emphatically. The other three women wore that dreary expression of settled unhappiness one so often sees on the faces of the lower type of strolling actresses—failures and outcasts of their precarious profession. But *She* was quite different. She wore an expression of radiant joy and triumph on a face of singular charm and archness. She was dressed as a Catalonian peasant-girl—the Catalonian peasant-girl of stage-life, at least—and she carried in her hand a guitar, which she began to finger at once with great skill and delicacy. Then she stood forward and sang. It was a village idyll of Spain, and she was the Spanish maid who adored the toreador—you know the sort of thing, a vulgarised Carmen. But she sang it, oh, marvellously! Her voice, her dance, her gestures, her acting, had the last touch of art; she was entrancing, exquisite. As she twanged those strings, as she tripped through her *fandango*, as she sang that little song, she was embodied and personified Catalonia all over. The Manager turned to me, delighted.

"This is wonderful!" he said; "glorious! I see in this the finger of Providence. The girl's worth a hundred pounds a-week. I shall offer her twenty."

"Very professional," I answered. And the Manager would have blushed were that accomplishment still possible for him.

The girl sang and sang. She waved her guitar, with its red-and-yellow ribbons; she flung her arms about gracefully; she threw into her part all the bravado and self-display of the Spanish nature. She was Spain at a glance—the Spanish soul, the Spanish temperament, in its inmost veracity.

"She has the *chic* of Yvette Guilbert, and the *bravura* of Otero," the Manager cried, enchanted. "How did she ever get into this galley, I wonder? Upon my soul, Wilkins, she's worth a hundred pounds a-week, I tell you. Why, I'd go to thirty!"

"She is Spanishdom pushed to the point of genius," I replied. "The Spanish mind is all show-off and ostentation; she interprets it with perfect beauty and perfect artistic handicraft."

"And her singing!" the Manager cried. "Did you ever in your life hear anything like it?"

"Full of *impasto*," I answered. I don't know what that means; but I observe it is fashionable at the present day to apply the technical terms of one art quite incongruously to another, and I thought it probable my cleverness would impress the manager.

He looked at me with a puzzled smile, but I kept my countenance, so he answered confidently, "The very word, my dear fellow! That's just it! Such *impasto*! What a critic you are, Wilkins! She's full of the—er—most delicate—and refined—*impasto*!" He rolled the word on his tongue as if he loved the flavour of it.

The girl finished her song, and then the Villain entered. The Villain—well, he was just the old familiar Villain on whom we were all brought up from our earliest childhood. I remember him forty years ago at the Surrey Theatre. But age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite monotony. He was still as young, as scowling, as black-bearded as ever. Yet we somehow failed to rise to that Villain; so, when the Catalonian peasant-girl walked off, after another little song, and left the stage to the comic inn-keeper and the pair of brave smugglers, our interest flagged visibly. The Manager's eyes closed. By-and-by, the ruffian behind us leant forward once more. "Elle va rentrer," he murmured; and, at the word, she re-entered.

During the rest of that piece, I had almost, metaphorically, to hold the Manager down by the coat-tails. He was burning to rush off, in the briefest intervals between exit and entrance, and ask that girl how much per week she would take to go with him to London.

"Draw?" he cried. "She'd draw! Why, Cissie wouldn't be in it! What audacity! What bravado! What art! What—ahem—*impasto*!"

"And her chiaroscuro!" I cried. "Her perspective! Her anatomy! Her textures! Her perfect insight into the laws of optics!"

The Manager glanced sideways at me. I am the most innocent of men, but I really believe he suspected me of chaffing him. "*Impasto*'s good enough," he said drily; "I won't go beyond *impasto*."

And he stuck at *impasto*-point the rest of that evening.

When all was over, and the Villain run through, and the comic inn-keeper imprisoned, and triumphant Virtue, in red-and-yellow kirtle, made over in holy matrimony to Courage and Penitence, as the reformed smuggler, we ventured to ask for an introduction to the First Lady. The First Lady came forward, somewhat imperfectly clad, but still radiantly happy in her youth and beauty. The Manager approached her with managerial indirectness. Had she ever thought of going to London or Paris? The radiant creature, still smiles, replied, Yes, she *had* thought of it, but that was all over; she had refused as much as five hundred francs a week; she preferred the liberty of vagrancy and the provinces.

"How much is five hundred francs?" the Manager asked, turning round to me. He has, unhappily, a congenital limitation of intellect to pounds sterling.

"Twenty quid," I answered in our own vernacular.

The Manager's blood was up. "I make it a thousand," he burst in, with a sudden access of generosity. It was *only* sixty pounds less a week than the amount he estimated as her market value.

The girl shook her head. "Not for five thousand," she answered with perfect firmness.

"Why not?" the Manager asked.

"Léon doesn't want me to go to London or Paris," the beautiful creature answered with a beaming smile. "He thinks I should be too much admired, and might cease to love him."

She said it with the frankness and ingenuousness of young love. She took us freely into her confidence. She was immense, that young woman.

"Who is Léon?"

She pointed lightly with her guitar towards the ruffian behind us. "Le voilà!" she said, proud of him.

The ruffian smiled a sickly smile. I must say, it reflects great credit on the Manager's Christian principles that he refrained from scragging him as he stood there and glared at us.

"Are you married to him?" I inquired.

She shrugged her pretty shoulders. "We saw not the necessity," she answered, with equal frankness. "Que voulez-vous? Comme ci, comme ça! Our life is so variable!"

"You are Spanish?" I asked again.

"Half-and-half," she replied; "but, above all things, Gipsy. My father was a French smuggler, my mother a Spanish Zingari. I speak equally well French, Spanish, Bohemian."

"I must square Mr. Léon," the Manager remarked to me, in English. "In her present condition, it's clear, Mr. Léon dominates her. He's an ugly customer, that man. If only we could get her to London, we'd soon steer clear of him."

It was a fatal remark. The ruffian smiled a wicked and more murderous smile than ever. "But you *shall* not get her to London, sare," he answered, in extremely tolerable English. "And you shall not steer her clear of him. You forget zat we learn English, we ozzler comedians, from ze English clowns. Anozzer time, you will know to speak your tongue more cautiously."

He turned to the Vision. "Inez," he said in a sharp voice, "say good-night to the gentlemen."

"Yes, Léon," she answered, with infinite sweetness. And she bowed to us—a bow that was a charming mixture of Parisian archness and Catalonian coquetry.

The Manager crept back to our hotel disconsolate, cursing his luck, when he ought to have cursed his own silly imprudence. "How long does this fair last?" he asked when he got there.

"Three days," the hedgehog-haired waiter answered.

The Manager drew a deep sigh. "There may still be time," he said, "to appease the ruffian."

But next morning, as we sauntered through the rows of stalls, a painted van passed by us. It moved through the lane of booths with business-like determination. A Vision of Beauty put her head out of the door. "Adieu," she cried, "Messieurs!" and waved her pretty hand at us.

Fifteen stone of solid Manager rushed after her excitedly. "Stop, stop!" he cried, all agog. "Arrêtez! arrêtez!"

The Vision checked the reins. "What do you wish?" she said, still radiant.

"Where are you off?" the Manager cried. "What is the meaning of all this? The fair lasts three days. You—you're deserting your public!" For even a manager has his code of morals.

A villainous head protruded from the van. It was our friend the ruffian. "We go on," he said, in English, "to anozzer town. We desert our public. And permit me to tell you, Monsieur, zat, if you try to follow us, we will settle this little affair *à la mode d'Espagne!*" And he drew a sheathed knife dramatically over his windpipe.

The Manager fell back. "Upon my soul," he cried, open-mouthed, "what a bloodthirsty ruffian! He really seems to have no idea of—theatrical management!"

But the Vision of Beauty waved her hand once more. "Adios, Señores!" she cried, and laid one hand on the ruffian's head with an endearing gesture.

"A hundred pounds a-week!" the Manager gasped out, falling back, and wiping his forehead.

"Against a woman's heart!" I answered, quite sorry for him, yet proud, for humanity's sake, that hearts won in the contest.

INDIA ON THE STAGE.

Photographs by Robey and Co.

With the opening of the huge theatre at the Empire of India, the show at Earl's Court, already full of attractions, may be said to be complete. The Empress Theatre, as it is called, which is the largest playhouse in the world, is 417 ft. wide and 200 ft. deep. The proscenium has



AN ARTIST.

an opening of 184 ft., the actual stage width being 315 ft. In front of the stage is a large semicircular space, which is used either for ballets or, by the removal of the flooring, for spectacles on the water. The orchestra is perched right above the stage. Mr. Kiralfy has had a very difficult task to perform in epitomising the story of India for stage-telling. The initial production, which lasted some five hours, was a severe test of the patience of spectators, and yet the fact that everybody left at the end pleased, is proof that, despite the lack of uniform success,



A POTTER.

"India" is a real triumph. The production is divided into two acts and nine scenes, which may be summarised in the words of Sir Edwin Arnold's imperial ode written for the occasion—

Viewed, as in some magic glass,
Watch my moving pageants pass!
Pictures from the old years, when
All the Gods lived nearer men;
Years when, of your nations, none
Knew my children of the Sun;
When your great Eliza made
Unto Akbar embassy.

Here before your eyes shall be
Earliest deeds of Empery:
Mahmoud's fight and Somnath's fall;
And the Mogul in his hall;
And Jehanghir's gorgeous day;
With stress of fierce Mahratta fray;
Till Victoria's influence comes,
Silencing the battle drums.

To the imagination of most people, Indian history is somewhat shadowy. The opening scenes are ineffective, even although Mr. Kiralfy begins with the appearance of the English (in 1599) in the second scene. Not until the last scene of the first act, which represents the Hindu Paradise, did the audience lose a feeling of being somewhat bored; then the magnificence of the spectacle conquered them entirely. This scenic triumph, which had been kept back so long by Mr. Kiralfy, was followed by the second act, in which there is not a dull moment. Everybody is put in good humour by the opening scene, which represents a British transport ship at Portsmouth in 1858, where one sees soldiers embarking to the sound of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." Beautiful as much of Mr. Angelo Venanzi's music is, the familiar strains of Mr. Russell's song, of the somewhat lugubrious ditty "The Anchor's Weighed," and of "Auld Lang Syne" made everybody happy. The scene representing the proclamation, at Delhi, in 1877, of the Queen was still more popular. As Maharaja followed Maharaja, and Gackwar followed Begum, to do homage to the Viceroy (Lord Lytton), the audience became more and more enthusiastic, and the enthusiasm reached a climax when the scene was suddenly transformed into the final apotheosis, the "Glorification of Victoria, the Empress of India." Of the numberless people engaged in the production it is impossible to speak in detail. Suffice to say that their energies, directed skilfully and acknowledged gratefully by Mr. Kiralfy, have gone to create a show that is bound to be immensely popular.

THE AUSTRALIAN GIRL.

A good deal has been written about the American girl, the English girl, and the girls of other countries; but the Australian girl, up to the present, has not come in for much attention. Perhaps it is that, coming from English stock, she has always been regarded as too essentially British to be dissociated from the daughters of John Bull. Yet she is a distinct species, as different from the average English girl as the American girl. In personal charms she possesses all the attractiveness, all the subtle beauty, of her English sister, but, owing largely to the prevalence of

in her. She is essentially sociable; indeed, the life of the average Australian girl seems to be made up of a round of social functions—balls, "at homes," parties. She elevates gossip to a fine art, and in the little world in which she resides she will be possessed of an encyclopædic knowledge of everybody figuring in social circles. She achieves distinction in volubility. "She can talk, but she has no conversation," as Mrs. Allonby remarked. To her, art, literature, drama, and politics are unexplored regions. Dress is the dominant note of her character. And in this, as in almost everything else, she is an imitator. There is little original about the Australian girl. England is her fetish, and particularly the English fashion-journals.



A TYPE OF AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

sweltering suns and parching hot winds for eight months out of the twelve. her face has not that freshness, that pink-rosebud colouring, which are at once the joy and sovereign-possession of the English girl. But it is in the exquisite contour of her figure, in the smallness of her hands and feet, and in the perfect moulding of her features, that the daughter of the Sunny South is able to hold her own. If her face lacks the freshness of the green fields and pastures of England, there is in it the warm sun of Australia, which gives to the countenance a look of perpetual pleasure. The small but clearly chiselled features of the Australian girl are always pleasant in expression, indicating a light-hearted, careless, irresponsible character underneath. The innate shyness of the English girl has no place in her temperament, nor does she pay much regard to the culture, the self-contained dignity, the gracefulness which sit so easily on the girls of the West. The unrestrained spirit of an independent democracy seems to be ingrained

She will wear cumbersome and trailing skirts, under a pitiless sun, and with the thermometer over a hundred degrees, if they have been worn in England. And in her affections she dearly loves an Englishman. She doesn't stop to inquire about his character; if he comes from the old land, he has the key of her heart. But, above all these superficialities, which are unavoidable in a new country, rough and uncultured, there is much that is good and useful and practical about the Australian girl. In her domestic qualifications she is unapproachable. Hard-working, industrious, economical, capable with her needle, good-tempered, and, above all, generous, the Australian girl makes an ideal wife. As the artistic and refining influences of the Old World become more and more ingrained in the people of the vast Southern continent, the Australian girl, by her grace and winsomeness, will become a keen competitor with her American cousin for recognition in the social spheres of London and Paris.



MISS RUBY MADDEN.

DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN MADDEN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF VICTORIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYCK, MELBOURNE.

"LA PETITE BONNE."

Frequenters of the *bariolé* Parisian capital during the season cannot fail to observe the bevy of winsome and decidedly attractive nursemaids, resplendent in their costumes of kaleidoscopic tints, that saunter aimlessly, and apparently nonchalantly, along the sylvan avenues of the Champs Élysées. They form a little world of their own, and the red-haired Saxon who is fortunate in obtaining a blissful *tête-à-tête* with one of them is a being to be envied. "La petite bonne," as she is familiarly called in Parisian *argot*, is a creature made up of charms

coquettish style. On her *jour de congé*, however, she hides all this delicate simplicity beneath the cast-off finery of her mistress. She walks with the undulating grace of the *bayadère*, affects every new caprice of coiffure and carriage, knows every Parisian fad by heart, and keeps the run of the fashions with the same accuracy as the society woman who is bent upon capturing the Marquis. She takes the utmost care of her teeth, which are, curiously, always small, white, and beautifully even, and cultivates the prettiest smile in the world in order to display those glistening little pearls set in their bed of shining coral. Her duties are to dress Madame, and to attend to commissions of a delicate nature, requiring tact and skill and a *souçon* of the *intrigante*.



A TYPE OF AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

and graces. Just as the Parisian woman constitutes a distinct type in Europe, so also does her nursemaid. The mistress is always successfully photographed in the maid—the higher creation finds its inevitable and fatally correct expression in the lower. Only in France, or rather, only in Paris, is the true *femme de chambre* to be found. "La petite bonne" bears no resemblance to our own fair-haired nursemaids, to the rigid German governess, the Swiss *bonne*, to the *maritornes* of sunny Spain, or the *caméristes* of Italy, all of whom, in my opinion, breathe the atmosphere of domestic service, have the coarse hands and ill-shod feet of the lower classes, and hold themselves in a position of humility and servility suggestive of the serfdom of antiquity. "La petite bonne" is a personage of importance and of rare elegance. *Elle est tirée à quatre épingles*, dressed simply, without the slightest pretence to luxury, but with an exquisite and unfailing taste. She cultivates her hands, manicures her nails, and arranges her hair in the most becoming and

She counts the linen and mends the laces, and keeps an attentive eye on Madame's wardrobe; but she never soils her white fingers with the dust of grosser duties. Some menial below her in the scale of servitude undertakes these—she would call them "Sisyphean labours." In these days of the housemaid marrying the Lord of the Manor, "la petite bonne" would never dream of wedding the coachman with the inexpressive countenance. Her wise and cunning plans are laid early in life to capture a member of the Faubourg St. Germain, whether he be an eccentric offshoot of a good family or a glassy-eyed frequenter of the gaming-tables—and I have seen many a one both at Monte Carlo and at Ostend. It is unnecessary to add that "la petite bonne" always secures him. And then she becomes "la petite bourgeoise." Among the *dames du monde* of dear old Paris there may be Republicans, but there are none among their servants. They all belong to the perfumed atmosphere of the aristocrats.





THE AFTER HE SCRIBBLED HER BUDGET OF RHYME
HE PAISED HER IN SONNET REFRAIN

— CALLED — CALLED AND EFFECT, SIR — FULL MANY A TIME
THEY MET IN THAT DEVONCHIRE LANE.

THEY LOVED, BUT THEIR LOVE LIKE THE SEA IN THE PAST
BEGAN WITH A QUARREL TO WANE;
THE TRYST THAT HAD KNOWN THEM NOW KNEW THEM ALONE!
NO MORE IN THAT DEVONCHIRE LANE

THEY, ONE INTO THE MIST OF THE TALE IN HER EAR

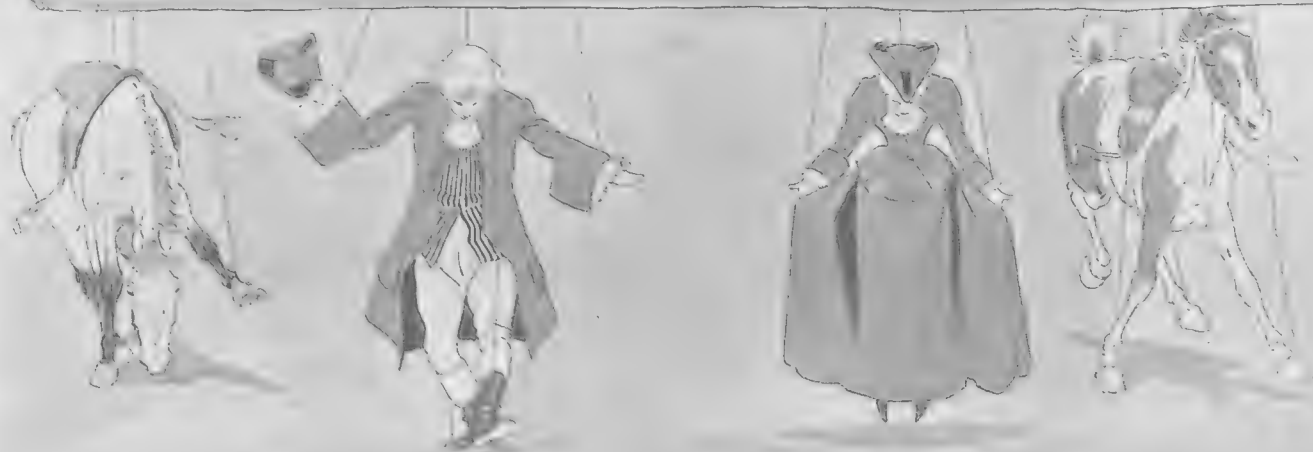
WHICH CYNICS HAVE FAILED TO PROFANE,

— ALMOST STRANGELY (ALTHOUGH THERE WAS NOBODY NEAR)
SHE SAID AT HER YES IN THE LANE.

AT LAST — IT WAS SPRING — BY MIRACULOUS CHANCE
THEY MET. DID THEY PASS IN DISDAIN?

THEY WOULD — AN THEY COULD BUT THE RULES OF FORTUNE
MADE THEM KISS IN THAT DEVONCHIRE LANE.

THE END



A SCHOOL OF ART IN CORNWALL.

One cannot help thinking that the life of the little colony of artists who have settled at St. Ives must be singularly like that which "R. L. S." described in his paper on "Fontainebleau." The natural surroundings of the place are beautiful, and, go where you will, you cannot escape the noise of the sea. It is certainly invigorating, but, at the same time, there is so much to do besides work, that one ought at least to be able to boast,



MR. LOUIS GRIER'S STUDIO.

after a residence there, that, while it lasted, he had done no work which was bad. To be frank, a certain representative of *The Sketch* had quite forgotten there was any such thing as work existing when, a while ago, he was wandering about the sands within the harbour. Suddenly, however, he was hailed from a big open doorway over a carpenter's shop, and, in response to the invitation, mounted to the studio of Louis Grier.

The place is spacious to a degree, having been used for building big pilehard-boats in the old days, when pilehards were worth catching. It has been somewhat transmogrified, and the cross-beams overhead, daubed with the multicoloured scrapings of many palettes, show that it has long since changed its use in the world. Mr. Grier had with him a visitor, Mr. Julius Olsson, and the *Sketch* representative set to work immediately, after some chairs had been moved to the doorway, so that no chance incident in the harbour might be missed.

"What about this school of yours?"

"We've started it," said Olsson.

"Yes, but what is it to be?"

"Well," said Olsson, "the great Paris rage is dead. People recognise nowadays that a man may, perhaps, learn to paint without spending time in a Parisian atelier. We propose to teach as many as we can get hold of, of the young men who ten or fifteen years ago would have gone to Paris."

"The fact is," said Grier, "there was a time when there was reason enough for a course that is now useless. Think of the terrible work which was being done here in England while the Frenchmen whom Constable influenced were at their best. It was altogether hopeless. But English art is coming back to its old position. Some of the French methods we have adopted, and, though the Salon rarely contains such exhibitions of technical incompetence as you may still see in the Academy, it is true that the English artist who has skill and cleverness never wastes them, as do some of the Frenchmen."

"And what are you going to do with your young men when you have caught them?"

"Teach them to paint," replied both the artists with curt emphasis.

"But——"

"Well, you know the climate of the place. It rains sometimes, but rain is about the only thing that ever comes to make outdoor work impossible. And it would pay a painter to live here half the year, for the mere sake of the skies one sees. There are no such skies in England."

"But your pupils? Are the skies to teach them?"

"It depends upon the men," said Grier. "They will come here and live delightfully for next to nothing. They will paint in the open air, and we shall tell them all we know. There are no end of things we can tell to the man who is worth anything. I've seen a couple of minutes' work turn a picture that was all wrong into a picture that was very nearly all right. There's no end to what you can teach if you have only worked, yourself."

"And then," said Olsson, "one may thank Heaven that there is no such thing as a St. Ives School. I couldn't do the work that Grier does, and I'm very sure that he would not do mine. The only man who is really worth teaching is the man who may some day develop a style of his own; and the only fault which is worse than sheer inability to paint anything at all is that of painting decently in the style of another man.

That is our very first principle; we shall be perfectly contented if we teach men to express themselves in paint, and to that end all our efforts will be devoted."

Then followed a brief talk as to what would happen when it rained and work out of doors was impossible.

"My studio is fairly spacious," said Grier; "but come and see Olsson's."

The party thereupon descended the granite steps, and turned away from the beach. Following a host of narrow, winding streets, they came at last to the place in question. The town of St. Ives lies at the extreme point of a headland which juts out at the western end of the loveliest bay in the world. Mr. Grier's studio looks over the harbour across this bay towards the north-east. But Olsson's studio, huge place, has great windows opening towards the north-west, and one might paint the loveliest manses while sitting, as Turner and Whistler did at Chelsea, at the studio window.

"I can fancy," said the interviewer, "that it is not altogether unpleasant, here in St. Ives, to be driven indoors to work. But you must tell me about yourselves. Have you proved, in person, the uselessness of Paris?"

"As a matter of fact," said Olsson, "we both learned to paint by lamp-light, and we learned what we have learned by a resolute endeavour to paint Nature as we saw it. Grier left King's College at sixteen, and went straight to a bank in Canada. I worked five years in a City office. We both wanted to paint, and did the best we could in the leisure that we had. If only we had come straight to St. Ives, and worked at this alone! There is much that can be taught in five minutes which it may take the best of men a twelvemonth to find out for himself."

After that, the interviewer forgot his trade, and the talk drifted into other channels. But, late at night, he left the little fishing-town, mounting slowly, until the whole of the bay was visible, the yellow light of Godrevy Lighthouse coming at intervals out of the blue-grey obscurity of the night. There were boats in the bay, their lights appearing and disappearing with the tossing of the water. Landward, the hills were dark and silent.

And the man began to blaspheme against his own chosen art. The gods had decreed that, if he were to be happy, or, at least, if he would have bread to eat, he must spend his days in trying to reproduce somehow the things which struck him in the world around him. He had been well pleased hitherto to attempt to accomplish through the medium of words the task allotted him. But now he had a certain feeling of discontent. After all, he said to himself, the best chosen of words would hardly make the reader see this lovely night; nothing could make him hear its perfect quietness, and the noise of the waves down there. But a picture is a thing they can see.

Thus, or somehow thus, he soliloquised. Then the influence of the night asserted itself, and he was too content with life to be troubled



THE BACK OF ST. IVES HARBOUR.

with envious thoughts. He reached the white-walled cottage where he was dwelling for a while, and in a moment was asleep. But the murmur of that quiet sea still made his sleep more delightful.

A HEINESQUE.

I mused, before I sank to sleep,
Of that sweet hour when last we met,
Which in my heart of hearts I keep
Enshrined, and never can forget.
So, passing from the world of sense
To where the ethereal fancy rules,
I dreamed you were no longer false,
Nor I—the wretchedest of fools!

L. S.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE FIRST BROOD.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

ART NOTES.

Two or three weeks ago the novel arrangements which are being made at the National Gallery provoked from us some complaint and show of grievance. Indeed, nothing could well be more futile than this persistent



THE JUMNA MUSJID, DELHI.—REGINALD BARRATT.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

desire for change, which seems to be the sole influence apparent in the re-arrangement of the pictures in Trafalgar Square. But if we might go a step further in our argument, we might say that not only the arrangement, but the lighting also is very indifferent in the London Gallery. There are many pictures of very great merit which are practically shut out from admiration by the glass reflections which hide their merits during the greater part of the day.

We should seriously advise Mr. Poynter to take a lesson from those less gifted galleries which, though containing scarcely a tithe of the riches of the National Gallery, yet contrive to effect that their riches shall show even wealthier than their more fortunate rivals. Take, for an example, the Musée at Antwerp. It contains not quite eight hundred Old Masters, which profess not nearly either the variety or the average excellence of the Trafalgar Square collection of Old Masters. Its collection of Modern Masters is even worse than that devoted in the English Gallery to what is pompously called the "Modern British School." Yet, by dint of excellent taste in hanging, and by really thoughtful lighting, the Antwerp Gallery, despite its lesser size, seems to shine with a positive brilliance compared with our National Gallery's sombreness and (in too many cases) elusiveness.

The Rembrandts hanging in London, for example, are probably worth a hundred times over the handful of not very representative works of this master which belong to Antwerp. Yet, in Trafalgar Square, the "Portrait of the Artist" (in old age), and that ineffably grand "Jewish Rabbi" whose eyes are among the spiritual achievements of the world, are wantonly obscured by the light that falls upon the glass which covers them so effectively that the present writer has seen them passed by times out of number by visitors, as though they were scarcely worth the effort of examination. At Antwerp, the Rembrandts, such as they are, stand prominently to the eye, well lighted, and claiming



THE ORPHANS OF AMSTERDAM.—GABRIEL NICOLET.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

attention; the care with which they are placed inspires even the malicious wish that they were subjected to the less favourable conditions of London connoisseurship, and that the London pictures might, in Belgium, win the honour which they assuredly deserve.

But when it becomes the matter of pictures immeasurably superior to works by the same masters which we possess in London, the difference in effectiveness becomes positively ludicrous. Where, at Antwerp, inferior Rembrandts seem almost as effective as the glorious Rembrandts which it is our privilege to possess, the Rubens' which it is Antwerp's glory to have seem, in comparison to the Rubens' of London, absolutely by an artist of a different order—so important are the conditions under which great works of genius claim to be inspected. Perhaps the greatest Rubens in the world is, not the famous "Descent from the Cross" or another, but—"The Communion of St. Francis of Assisi." At Antwerp that extraordinary achievement of genius wins a dignity from its placing which we certainly accord here neither to our great Van Eyck, which we hide on a screen, nor to our greatest Rembrandts. And this great picture is not greater, perhaps, than these; only they to whom it belongs know how to treat its great worth.

Again, when the Belgian Gallery happens to possess even one portrait of transcendent merit, the authorities know that there are cunning methods of declaring that merit by the laws of that unknown, or forgotten, art in England—the art of hanging. Perhaps the greatest portrait in the Antwerp Gallery is the "Portrait of the Artist" by Simon de Vos, a work which is even finer, in the same spirit of painting, than Moroni's celebrated "Portrait of a Tailor," which we possess in London. We, alas! in the person of our Director and his advisers, have removed our Moroni from the wall where it was hung so well of old, have despoiled it of its simply effective frame, have hung it next to canvases whose gorgeous colouring destroy its own exquisite browns and



OLD COTTAGES AT ASCOT.—PHILIP BURNE-JONES.
Exhibited at the New Gallery.

greys, and have put it in a brilliantly gilt frame of the most abominable decorative art in the world.

At Antwerp the portrait of Simon de Vos is placed near the "St. Francis." Its proximity to this masterpiece emphasises the greatness of each, and the contrast is perfect. You look at the Rubens, staggered by the force of that nude figure, with its gesture of hopeless dignity, its face alight and torn with spiritual hunger, its eyes so eager, so entreating, and—well, you weep. And you look at the portrait of De Vos—gay, vivacious, vital—with a smile like all the joys and impudences of the world gathered together, yet dignified, and splendidly painted, and—well, you laugh. And that is how to hang pictures; and we venture to commend the same to the authorities of the National Gallery.

The Trustees of the British Museum, having declined the first offer of over a thousand Japanese hand-block colour-prints, dating from the earliest times to the present century, the collection has been purchased by Mr. Ernest Hart, who is classifying it and preparing a catalogue, with the intention, it is said, of presenting it to one of our National Museums.

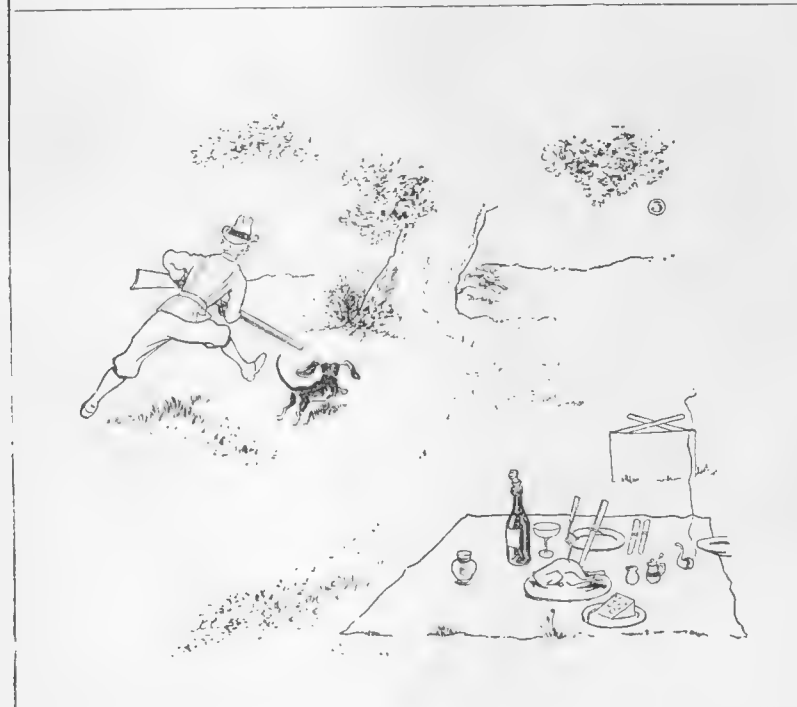
At the next meeting of the Grand Lodge of England, on Sept. 4, Brother W. Woodward will move:—"That a circular be issued from Grand Lodge setting forth the scheme suggested by him, under which the Freemasons of England would contribute to the Decoration Fund of St. Paul's Cathedral a sum sufficient for the completion of the cupola and transepts; that the opinion of the craft be ascertained through such circular; and that such steps be taken to secure the end in view as may commend themselves to Grand Lodge."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A CRISIS IN THE FORCE.

FIRST INSPECTOR : If he goes on like this we shall have to pension him off.





INTERNATIONAL VIEWS: THE GAIETY GIRL CAPTIVATES HIM.



"HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN!"

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



MISS L. PATERSON, SCOTTISH TENNIS CHAMPION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. E. RUDDOCK, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

DEAR OLD MARGATE.

It is essentially dear old Margate, the Margate of the "good old days," when London cits., smitten with the summer epidemic of seasidemitis, went down by coach—the old fogies by the Legitimate, the young bloods by the "Hopposition"—and the old Hoy, tumbling about on the water for an indefinite period, with its burden of miserable, sea-sick passengers—*si sic omnes!*—had scarcely yielded place to the Red Rover and the primitive steamers which were the forerunners of the palatial Marguerite of to-day.

There was no "running down" by the Granville Express in the days when Paul Pry made his quaint sketches. There are, here and there,

and Bay of Naples, or, in the twinkling light of multicoloured oil-lamps, revelled in the madcap merriment of a gala night, *à la* Vauxhall or Ranelagh, celebrated by a local Laureate—

Hail, Tivoli! hail, golden-tinted fane,
Where smiling Thalia and her votaries reign!
Hark to the sounds that bid us come—
The thund'ring melody and well-tan'd drum!

It was in these days, too, when an attempt was made, successfully for a time, to popularise "Dandelyon," or Dent-de-Lyon, the old seat of the Dent-de-Lyons, a member of which family, John, was accused in his day of speaking treasonably against the King and Queen Margaret of Anjou, and of joining in the rebellion of Jack Cade. Sorry as one may feel for anyone who has vainly tried to add to the gaiety of a nation that takes



A NEW ARRIVAL.



THE SKETCHER.



ON THE BEACH.

to be treasured like pigeon-blood rubies, ancient men still to be found who remember perching themselves up on a seat about as comfortable as a mantelpiece, behind four spanking tits—good old tits, as a pink contemporary would have it—and revelling in the fierce delights of being soaked if it rained, or grilled if it were sunny, and bored to death in either circumstance by the coachman's prosy stories of how the near wheeler was a son of Lightning out of Mad Bess, wot won the Highflyer Stakes in the year as Cap'n Wragge rode Blue Bonnet agen Lord Spavin's Mohock for five 'under and old Tom Stirrup got warned off at Epsom for nobbling the favourite.

The Margate of our sketches was not the Margate of to-day, except in its more or less artificial merriment. The excellent cit. from Cheapside—the rich draper or cloth merchant lived over the shop in those days—had no jetty, no pier, to speak of, to stroll upon. He might amuse himself watching the construction of "Jarvis' Landing-place, the glory of the town," as "Ingoldsby" puts it, the said Jarvis being no mere letter of boats, as one might at first have supposed, but Daniel Jarvis, M.D., to whom Margate owed so much that the directors of the Pier and Harbour Company erected a tablet with a long-winded inscription crediting great public works to "the talents and indefatigable exertions of their chairman, Daniel Jarvis, M.D." From Jarvis' Landing-place parties of sixteen deluded mortals embarked at a shilling a-head, in pursuit of pleasure in a sailing-boat, and afforded sixteen object-lessons in the vanity of human hope. These were the days, too, of old-fashioned inns, with waiters like superannuated and seedy curates, with stereotyped bills of fare and decayed chambermaids, with big bills and little comfort, with many rabbit-hutches of rooms up dark passages, labelled Nelson, Wellington, Chatham, Pitt, and so on—often with unseemly results, as in the coffee-room next morning there would sometimes be whispers that Nelson went to bed "cut," or, in modern slang, "screwed," overnight, and that Wellington's relations with the young lady in the green spencer were at least open to suspicion.

The game of bowls was a great institution, and gentlemen in cutaway coats with rolled collars and rainbow waistcoats adjourned to the long-extinct Tivoli, where, after paying a shilling to a melancholy money-taker, they exercised their muscles upon the bowling-green by day, contemplated the ebon depths of a lake, gazed upon the view of Vesuvius and the City

its pleasures sadly, it is scarcely possible to regret that the ancient seat, with its massive battlemented gate and fine grounds, was not turned into the scene of "ten thousand extra lamps," the popping of corks, the dancing, flirting, and frivolity of a successful tea-gardens.

The scribe with the nice sense of rhyme was equally forcible and flattering in prose, and even in the old days, when "Going to St. Peter's" in all the gigs and chaises and miscellaneous shandrydans of the period, or riding on restive donkeys, was a prominent attraction, he is full of recommendatory aids to health, in the stages before the valetudinarian visitors had arrived at the rejuvenated condition described by the local enthusiast:—"We annually see many come to Margate, even on crutches, after bathing a few weeks, not only throw aside their *auxiliary legs*, but are restored to such health and florid countenances that scarcely their most intimate friends can recognise them."

But whether one turns to the old days of our grandfathers, or to those of this degenerate but self-satisfied generation, Margate represents popular enjoyment. When the waves are breaking melodiously among the wheels of the bathing-machines, and the shrimps are as yet untroubled by thoughts of tea at ninepence a-head, the *blasé* Pater may be bitterly inclined, as in the following touching ballad—

"What are the wild waves saying?"
Said a maid in a round straw hat,
On the sands at Margate playing,
"Papa, can you tell me that?"
Then, with a look askance, her
Inquiry thus he met:
"You must mind and keep my answer
From your mother's ear, my pet."

The child, with a face of wonder,
Drew close to her father's knee,
While, with a brow like thunder,
This speech imparted he:
"Like an arrow shot at a target,
Comes this message through the foam,
You're an ass for coming to Margate,
And you'd better have stayed at home!"

But the public generally have at no time been in a mood to endorse

this cynical verdict, and, whether they go down to-day by the Marguerite or the Granville, or whether they were tossed about in the Hoy or the Red Rover, or jolted on the top of a coach, to the great mass of Londoners Margate was, is, and will be, synonymous with all that is jolly and health-giving. Fashions may rise and fall and reappear, but Nature never changes, and Margate owes so much to her that it is likely to be just as popular as it is now, when the holiday-makers of 1895 are "cinders, ashes, dust," and the present year of grace is regarded by our great-grandsons as the more or less "good old days."



A GAME OF BOWLS.



GOING TO ST. PETER'S.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

CORPULENCY.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many people are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and, no doubt, it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had of booksellers, or post free by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer, but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

THE MISERY OF CORPULENCY.

A copy has come to hand of the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondents in the "Dress and Fashion" column of a London Sunday newspaper with a large circulation: "MISERABLE.—A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies of all ages who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe—by sending 6d. in stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follows his instructions, "Miserable," without any fasting regimen, and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCY.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the converse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate indeed a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage mixed with mineral waters" are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.



Mappin & Webb's

PEARL
HANDLED

DESSERT KNIVES AND FORKS

IN

STERLING SILVER AND PRINCE'S PLATE

(REGD. 71,552.)

12 Pairs Dessert Knives and Forks, Close Plated Blades and Prongs, with finely Chased 17th Century Pearl Handles, in Mahogany Case, £9.
Sterling Silver, in Superior Case, Lined Velvet and Satin, £14 15s.

"Unsurpassed for Quality & Finish."

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; AND 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
(facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactory: NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

LIPTON'S

NEW SEASON'S HIGH-CLASS JAMS

JELLIES AND BOTTLED FRUITS

Made in his own Preserve Works the Same Day
As the Fruit is Gathered.

LIPTON IS A LARGE FRUIT GROWER IN KENT, THE FRUIT GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

ALL KINDS
New Season's Jams and Jellies
NOW READY.

LIPTON'S
JAMS AND JELLIES,

SPECIALITY.
Morella, Cherry and Apricot.
DELICIOUS. TRY IT.

Made from Freshly Gathered English Fruits, can be absolutely relied upon.

THIS is why **LIPTON'S** Jams and Jellies are **SUPERIOR** to **ALL OTHERS.**

HOUSEWIVES have no need now to trouble making Jams and Jellies when equal in every respect to home made can be purchased from **LIPTON AT LOWEST PRICES**
LIPTON, FRUIT GROWER, KENT. Preserve Works: **BERMONDSEY, LONDON.**
Branches everywhere, and Agencies throughout the World.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

WILSON & GILL

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE
COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

SECOND-HAND DIAMOND
ORNAMENTS, OLD JEWELLERY, &c.,
Purchased for Cash or Taken in Exchange.

MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS,
134, REGENT ST., London.

FAMILY JEWELS
ARTISTICALLY REMODELLED.
Designs and Estimates Prepared Free of Charge

EVERY ARTICLE OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES.



Fine Diamond Keyless Watch and Bow Brooch, complete. £30 to £40.



Fine Gold Clover-Leaf Brooch, £1 5s.



Fine Gold "Lucky Bell" Brooch, £1 6s.



Fine Diamond Rabbit and Butterfly Brooch, £5.



Fine Diamond Keyless Watch and Gold Bow Brooch complete, £20.



Fine Pearl Heart Brooch, £1.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS



Set Fine Gold Studs, £1.



Fine Diamond Rabbit Pin, £3 15s.

Fine Pearl Daisy and Festoon Necklace, £5 10s.



Fine Gold Irish Terrier Scarf-Pin, £1 7s. 6d.



Set Fine Pearl Studs, £7 10s.

WEDDING PRESENTS



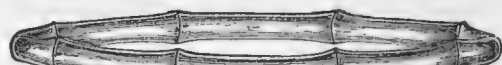
Fine Pearl Half-Hoop Bracelet, £1.



Fine Pearl Horse-shoe Brooch, 12s. 6d.

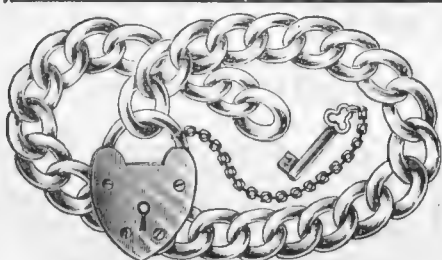


Fine Gold Safety Brooch, 7s. 6d.



Fine Gold Bamboo Bracelet, £1 15s.

BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS



Fine Gold Curb Chain and Padlock Bracelet, £4.

WILSON & GILL,



Fine Pearl Ring, £2.



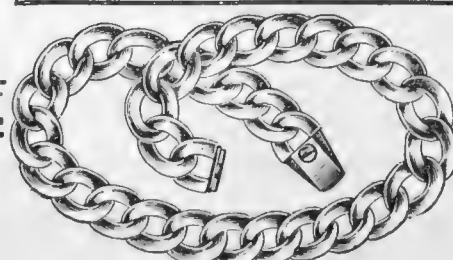
Fine Gold Keyless Watch and Bow Brooch, complete, £7 10s.

BABY
Fine Gold Safety Brooch, 7s. 6d.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Ring, £5.

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES



Fine Gold Curb Chain Bracelet, £3.

134, REGENT ST.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Mr. Horace Plunket's olive-branch, in the shape of a proposal for a reconciliation of all parties for the purpose of the material development of Ireland, has been held out to the Irish parties, but it has not been received as cordially as might have been hoped. Curiously enough, the McCarthyites have treated the proposal more kindly than either the Healyites or the Parnellites. I must own to a feeling of considerable surprise in the case of the latter. Knowing, as I do, the real opinion of some of the principal Parnellites, that Home Rule is, for the moment, "off," and that a mere guerilla warfare, such as would be expected from the Dillonites, is of no material benefit to Ireland, I should have expected the Redmondites to accept Mr. Plunket's proposal in the spirit in which it was offered. He is personally much liked by them, and there is no doubt that, if he could get a political truce signed, a great deal could be done in a non-political way for the prosperity of Ireland. But there is the jealousy between the various sections of Nationalists to prevent that. Each little section would like to be able to hold up the other as betraying its country to the base Saxon for gold. That is the worst of trying to obtain a voluntary agreement. Meanwhile, a Government with an overwhelming majority can do something.

AN UNREAL DEBATE.

There has been a good deal of unreality about the discussion of Supply, though there have been a few serious questions, especially affecting India and the War Office, which required debate. This unreality was due partly to the fact that the estimates are those of the late, and not of the present Government, and partly to the fact that everybody but the Irish members wanted to get away; and, of the Irish members, there were only about a dozen, all Mr. Healy's adherents, who have been in attendance. The predominance of Mr. Healy, effectively aided by Dr. Tanner, has been as noticeable lately as it was when last I wrote. Tim is the man who speaks for the Opposition; he makes compacts with Mr. Balfour; he resents, on behalf of a brother-member, an aspersion cast by an occupant of the Treasury Bench—all in the manner proper to a regular leader of the Opposition. Of course, he has been aided in this arrogation of dignity by the fact that the Front Opposition Bench has been almost always empty. Sir William Harcourt put in an appearance to protest against Lord Lansdowne's making his official statements about the War Office in the House of Lords without any contemporaneous statement being made in the Lower House; but, otherwise, he has been conspicuous by his absence. The same may be said also of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Sir H. Fowler, while the three most prominent "leaders" are at present without seats in the House at all. I may mention in this connection that the new members have been attending very assiduously, and they have been complaining that the old members have not troubled to exhibit the same virtue? But, then, why should they? The "freshers" have had to learn the ways of the House, and this was an excellent opportunity.

THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE HEARD.

Certainly, after the activity of Mr. Healy, the new members have been most interested in the vagaries of Dr. Tanner. The Doctor's latest little joke is to act as "teller" in a division, and then to keep the House waiting while he fails to attend at the table to give in the figures to the Clerk. Twice has this little manœuvre come off, and twice has Dr. Tanner explained elaborately that he didn't know they were ready. Another feature of Dr. Tanner's procedure is his running fire of personal remarks *sotto voce* at the expense of other members. An example of this sort of thing may be given. It concerns an Irish member who shall be nameless. He was sitting on the front bench, below the gangway, with the Irish Unionist members just opposite only a few feet away. "Awful lot of snobs over there," the Nationalist member was heard to mutter. Perhaps it was not meant to be heard, and perhaps it was. A remark certainly *not* meant to be heard was that of Sir Richard Webster, in the early hours of Thursday, about Mr. Dalziel, a Radical member who has the reputation among his brother-members of always being ready to spoil for a fight of some sort. The question before the House was the West Highland Railway Bill, opposed by Mr. Dalziel; and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach suggested to Mr. Dalziel that his opposition was really only in the interests of certain rival companies. "Probably he's paid for it," muttered the Attorney-General. And then there was a regular row. Sir Richard Webster, who had simply forgotten himself, withdrew the remark unreservedly, and apologised for making it. But Tim Healy and his followers were on to him already with cries of "Pigott!" and for some minutes there was a "scene."

DR. TANNER AND THE TWO BALFOURS.

One of Dr. Tanner's chief grievances, and the one which causes him the profoundest irritation, is the sight of two Balfours on the Treasury Bench. One recalls the story of Pitt and Dundas in the old days, when members used occasionally to get slightly "elevated" after dinner. They entered the House together, and Pitt said to Dundas, "I say, Dundas—hie—I c-can't see the Shpeaker." "Good heavens!" replied Dundas, "why—hie—I can see two." But that is not the sense, of course, in which Dr. Tanner sees two Balfours.

"Yes," replied the sweet girl-graduate, "I've read every play of Shakspeare's, unless he's written something lately."—*Judge*.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The small Parliamentary farce played to a thin House in the dead season is over, and the Government are now at leisure to prepare their programme, and tell us something of the lines on which they mean to go to the country. On the whole, they have not made a bad beginning. They have been conciliatory, not to say timid, in their Parliamentary demeanour. Mr. Balfour has been all blandness and sweetness—and Mr. Balfour, as everybody knows, can be very bland and sweet indeed. He has made some mistakes, such as the terrible one which led him to tell the House of Commons that if it wanted to know anything about the reorganisation of the Army which it controls, it could buy a penny newspaper or a copy of the *Times*, and read there the report of the debate in the House of Lords. A more light-headed piece of impertinence it would be impossible to conceive. But the House bore it with equanimity, and, on the whole, Mr. Balfour has done well. So has his brother, whom I used to regard at one time as one of the dullest but most agreeable members of the House of Commons. Curiously enough, Mr. Gerald has developed very much as Mr. Arthur developed. Both brothers have a fair share of the literary faculty, but Mr. Gerald Balfour always seemed to me to have had the drier and more mechanical side of the Balfourian nature largely dealt out to him. However, Ireland is improving him, as, in the end, it improved his brother.

PROMISE OF FAILURE.

On the whole, I think I see promise of many portentous failures in the new Government. Sir John Gorst will not be one of them, but I am afraid Sir Matthew White Ridley will. This has been a bitter disappointment to men who, like myself, would wish to see the Asquith régime carried on with vigour and good sense. Sir Matthew, however, does not seem a strong man, and he is certainly not a man of ideas. Mr. Chaplin has showed just the special kind of incapacity which he was sure to show in an office so ill-suited to him as the Local Government Board. I am afraid, too, the Government has found an inferior Chairman of Committees in Mr. James Lowther. Mr. Lowther is an agreeable man, and has done fairly well as a temporary Chairman; but there have been one or two signs of partisan spirit, and of want of the singular clearness of head for which Mr. Courtney was famous. He plays too much into the hands of the family party that is so strong in the Ministry and in Parliament; and, as the Irish are going to play a very merry game of their own, I expect to see Mr. Lowther's slow judgment at fault.

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF "TIM."

However, the feature of the brief Session has been the re-emergence of Mr. "Tim" Healy. Ever since the split, Mr. Healy has been under a cloud. He has done little, and that badly; and much of his old nimble-wittedness seemed to have deserted him and to have given place to a rather maladroit perversity. But now "Tim" has popped up again, and a very characteristic renaissance it is. There are several sides to Mr. Healy's character. He is something of an orator, he has a strong emotional side to him, he is a wit, a man with considerable literary gifts, and he is the most admirable, the most deft, of Parliamentary sharpshooters. Some of his small thrusts are terrible, piercing the hide of the dullard or the bore, and acutely pointing a political moral. But I doubt Mr. Healy's capacity for leadership. He wants the simple kind of natural force that Mr. Parnell possessed, and he is not large-minded—he is not, in a word, a statesman. He will play a game to perfection, but his strokes will not be winning ones. He may hustle Mr. McCarthy off the stage, and he may even worry himself into the position of temporary leader of the majority of the Anti-Parnellites; but he will never lead a united Nationalist Ireland; he will not initiate the greater strategy in Irish affairs. But I am afraid that, under his continued influence—and he has certainly been giving us some delightful examples of his remarkable talent—the relations between English Liberalism and Irish Nationalism may be weakened. Mr. Healy will play a somewhat extreme game, and he will have his eye on the Irish gallery, not on the English stalls.

LIBERAL WEAKNESS.

As for the regular Opposition, we must look for a period of weakness, and even of division. There has been a great deal of fuss about the calling of the Conference at the National Liberal Club in order to consider the situation. It would be just as well, perhaps, to put off the conference as long as possible, to give hot heads time to cool. Certain it is, that the idea of some of the promoters that it would result in the substitution of Sir William Harcourt for Lord Rosebery as Leader of the Party is exploded. Lord Rosebery may safely whisper in his beloved colleague's ear Charles the Second's famous jest to his brother, "They will never kill me to make you king." Lord Rosebery has been far from an ideal leader, but it would be folly to replace him by a man who is already approaching old age, whose health is not good, whose policy and attitude during the life of the late Government and during the General Election were disastrous, and who, with very great qualities of mind and with an experience that is not equalled by any living statesman but Lord Salisbury, has not the gift of leadership. My opinion, therefore, is that things will remain as they are. Lord Rosebery may or may not recover himself. Whether he does or no depends upon him, and him alone. If he does not, the leadership will go, as it must eventually go, not to an older, but a younger man, and that man will be Mr. Asquith.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

For all practical purposes, the cricket season, according to the programme of fixtures, ends to-day, Surrey's return match with Hampshire, which commenced at the Oval on Monday, being the last engagement in the County Championship Competition.

And yet, despite the fact that on the second of September the football season opened—the close season actually ended on Saturday night, but even footballers have a regard for the Sabbath!—the national pastime dies hard. It will be some days yet before the bats are relaid in oils. There are the holiday fixtures still to be decided, but, pleasant as these functions are, I don't think many people regard them seriously. It is difficult, indeed, to arouse any enthusiasm in a game, however keenly and hardly fought it may be, when one's mind is occupied with the peaceful reflection that practically nothing depends upon the result. Of course, the cricket itself is good, and fine batting and bowling are always worth witnessing, but the public has been too liberally fed upon

that the genus amateur must be crushed out. As a matter of fact, there is very little left of it now, and in a year or two's time there will be less.

In cricket, of course, it is hopeless to attempt the extinction of the unpaid player. So long as the game continues to exist, we shall have to depend upon our amateurs for the best batting. Cricket is the national game, and it is essentially a gentleman's game. Indeed, it is a standing joke that young fellows when they go up to 'Varsity think a great deal more about a prospective Blue than of a degree. By comparison the amateurs who devote themselves to cricket number ninety per cent., the other ten per cent. turning to football. *Per contra*, there are far more football professionals than cricketers.

Without going very deeply into the matter, this state of affairs can be easily understood. Football is a hard game to play—a game which, on the face of it, demands great physical exertion, and yet attaching to skill at which there is little of that *kudos* which hangs about the successful gentleman cricketer. Broadly speaking, the Corinthians is the



A FIJIAN CRICKET TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

Championship points and county feeling to have any appetite left for the lighter repast of exhibition play.

I remember discounting holiday cricket to Robert Abel one day, and I shall not forget the look of indignant reproach with which "the gov'nor" favoured me. Abel said that holiday cricket was just as genuine as any other cricket, at least so far as professionals were concerned. He himself played just as steadily at Scarborough or Hastings, say, as at the Oval. All I can add is, that, if the players enter into the game at the seaside with zest, the spectators do not.

What a deep subject for philosophy, by the way, is the difference in social class between professionals at cricket and their football brethren. Without seeking to draw what Mrs. Partington reproachfully stigmatised as odorous comparisons, we cannot get away from the all too palpable fact. Cricket professionals are in the main thorough gentlemen. They are a very conscientious body, and they are highly respected. Now and again you will come across a black sheep, but, generally speaking, there is little difference between them, or the majority of them, and amateurs.

Now, I have had a great deal to do with professional footballers all over the country, and I must confess that they do not possess so healthy a name as do cricket professionals. The superficial inquirer may well ask the reason. It is terribly difficult of answer. And yet the truth is forced upon me, day after day, that the amateur footballer has made the professional what he is. On the face of it, there would appear to be a healthy rivalry existing between the two classes; but, *sub rosa*, I am sure there is a deadly enmity. The professional footballer realises the fact

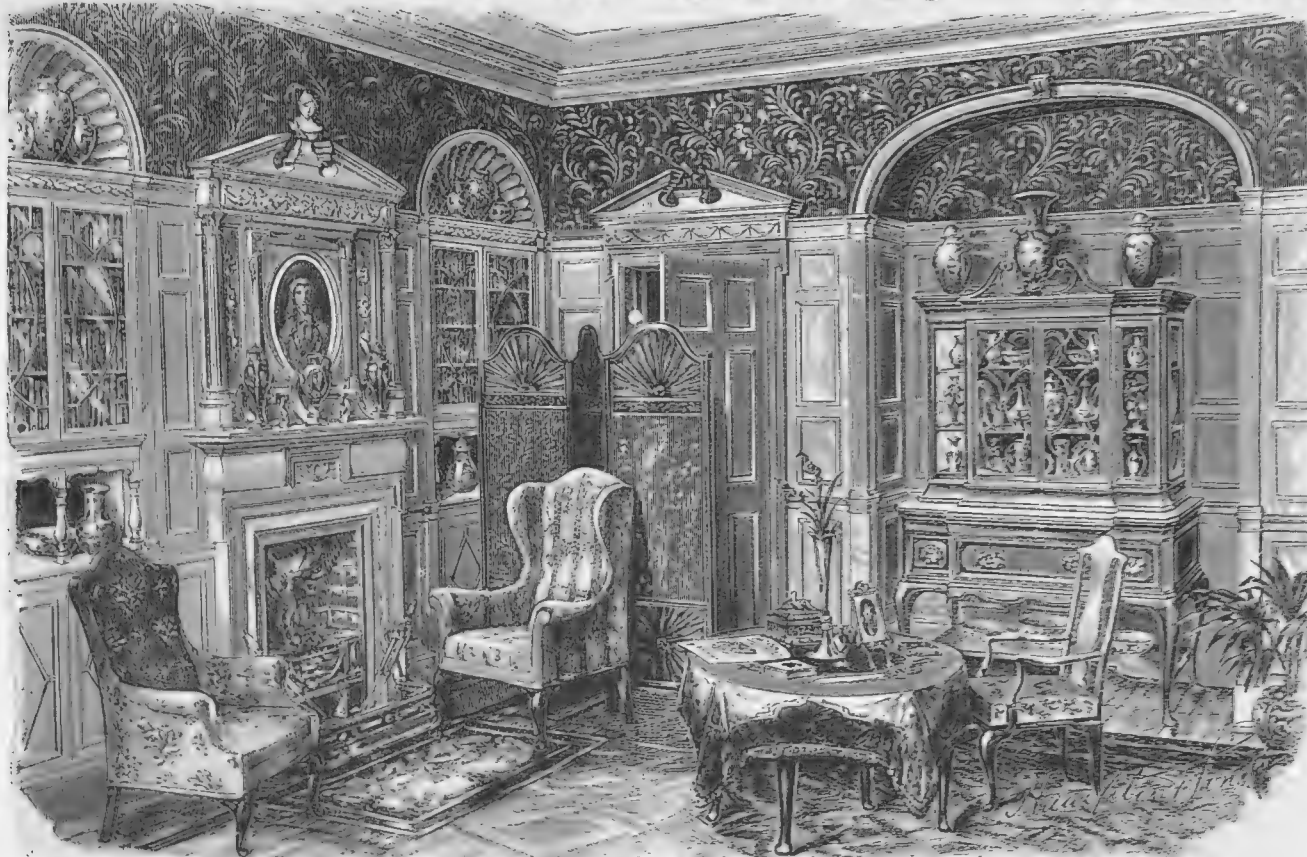
only successful amateur club we possess. The members of that body are, for the most part, men of splendid physique and great running powers, and it is these qualities which fit them to combat their far cleverer and trickier opponents, the professionals, who, as a rule, are little men. The plain deduction to be drawn is that cricket—or rather, batting—is a much more scientific game than football, and that, therefore, gentlemen play it better than professionals, by virtue of their clearer heads and better *finesse*. Another important point to bear in mind is that gentlemen, not being for ever possessed of the dread that their very living depends upon their success at the sport, can afford to hit out boldly; and, after all, confidence and dash go a long way towards success.

As regards bowling, the professional has always been and always will be superior in this department, for the simple reason that amateurs do not cultivate the art. It is far too laborious an exercise. Primarily, professionals at cricket were engaged for their bowling; the batting came later on. Metaphorically speaking, football—and, of course, I am merely referring to Association football—is all bowling, and the amateur is gradually becoming content to let the professional have it all his own way. To their credit, be it added, the professionals continue to excel in the art. And, on the other hand, amateurs will continue to hold their own at cricket. If I have not satisfactorily explained the cause and effect, it is not my fault. Better writers have failed.

Next week I hope to deal with the County Cricket Championship *in extenso*, and to review the season's form. It will be just as well to defer comment until the umpire's last decision has been heard. We never

(Continued on page 341.)

HAMPTON & SONS. EXPERTS IN INEXPENSIVE DECORATIVE FURNISHING.



QUEEN ANNE MORNING ROOM. From the "SPECIMEN INTERIORS" in
HAMPTON & SONS' GUIDE TO TASTEFUL FURNISHING.

Wall Panelling	pine, primed for Painting,	2s. per square foot.
Mantel and Overmantel	do. do.	18 guineas.
Overdoor	do. do.	25s.
Bookcases	do. do.	50s. per foot run.
Cabinet in Solid Mahogany		19 guineas.

Table in Solid Mahogany, 75s.
Four-fold Screen, do., with Tapestry panels, £9 15s.
Two Easy Chairs in Tapestry, 70s. each. Arm Chair, 55s.
Brass Pierced Fender, 45s.
Set of Brass Fireirons, 12s. 6d.

HAMPTON & SONS, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

FOR THE
BEST VALUES NOW
OBTAINABLE IN EVERY
DEPARTMENT OF
FURNISHING
SEE
HAMPTON & SONS'
GUIDE TO
TASTEFUL
FURNISHING
AT
SMALL OUTLAY

Fifty Examples of Artistic Interiors, and 2000 Illustrations of separate articles are shown in this Work.

Sent Free to the Editor.

In view of the steady and
CONTINUOUS INCREASE

in the amount of Decorating
and Furnishing Work with
which they are being favoured.

HAMPTON & SONS

have again Augmented their Staff, and still further extended their already Unlimited Facilities for carrying out EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK in connection with the

DECORATING,
FITTING, AND
FURNISHING OF
HOUSES

IN THE
MOST TASTEFUL
MANNER AT LEAST
EXPENSE.

Society and Economic History of Sicily

"Sanitas"

A NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK,
giving simple directions

"HOW TO DISINFECT"
in cases of the various Infectious Diseases, and
also in everyday life, will be sent
POST FREE for 3d.

THE SANITAS COMPANY, Ltd.,
Bethnal Green, London.

Sole Manufacturers of the famous

**"SANITAS" DISINFECTANTS
AND APPLIANCES.**

IN THE WORLD OF BEAUTY

Cuticura SOAP

Not only is it the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, but it is the purest, sweetest, and most refreshing for toilet, bath, and nursery. It is so because it strikes at the cause of bad complexions, falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, viz.: THE CLOGGED, IRRITATED, INFLAMED, OVERWORKED, OR SLEDDISH PORE.

Sold everywhere. Price, 1s. F. NEWBERRY & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London, E. C.

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The Genuine bears the Trade Mark,

"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"

On Every Packet and Tin.

A LAXATIVE & REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE,
MOST AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

47, SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, S.E.
Sold by all Chemists. 2s. 6d. a Box.

COSMOSINE

The Antiseptic Saline for the Bath & Toilet Water.
IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.
 Refreshing & Invigorating. Indispensable to the Sick.
 Prepared by J. F. M. SENE, 112, Rue de la Harpe,
 Manufactureur, 10, rue de Valenciennes, Paris.
 or Sole Agents, Messrs. J. & F. CO., 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE IN A MOMENT

Carter's SWEET OR DRY
concentrated
LEMON SYRUP

OF ALL LEADING GROCERS

H.W. CARTER & CO. OLD REFINERY BRISTOL

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1/12

FOR SPRAINS RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO. BRUISES. CHEST COLDS.

Prepared only by **ELLIMAN SONS & CO.** SLOUGH. ENGLAND.

IF I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION

LEADER WANTS SOME OF THAT EMBROCATION.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1/12

Prepared only by **ELLIMAN SONS & CO.** SLOUGH. ENGLAND.

IF I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!

STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

BOTTLES 1/11 2/9 x 4/4 JARS 1/11 x 2/2

Prepared only by **ELLIMAN SONS & CO.** SLOUGH. ENGLAND.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

BOTTLES 1/11 2/9 x 4/4 JARS 1/11 x 2/2

Prepared only by **ELLIMAN SONS & CO.** SLOUGH. ENGLAND.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1/12

IF I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!

STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1/11

Prepared only by **ELLIMAN SONS & CO.** SLOUGH. ENGLAND.

IF I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!

STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES.

SEVERE PAINS.

Mrs. S. DALLINGER, Aldinga Villa, Oxford Road, Bournemouth, writes:

"A lady in my house was taken with severe pains in the leg and side at night. I rubbed well with Elliman's on the affected part, which allayed the pain and enabled the lady to sleep."

ACHES AND PAINS.

Miss ROSE ALPHONSINE, Spiral Ascensionist, writes:

"When doing my Spiral Ascension at the Jardin de Paris, my feet and knees became swollen and very sore. I tried your Embrocation, and after two good rubbings I was able to perform. I now use it after every ascension, and will always keep some by me."

"23, Helix Gardens, Brixton Hill, S.W., London, Oct. 29, 1894."

ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS

know what changes may be in store. I think, however, we are all already agreed that the season of 1895 has been a truly wonderful one, and I strongly doubt whether interest has ever been more universal. On the year's form, Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire have undoubtedly proved themselves the finest all-round teams, but it is seldom that all the elevens in the competition have ever been so close together in ability as they have been this season, although up to a certain point Surrey's superiority was clearly manifest.

Appended are the fixtures yet to be played—

Sept. 5—At Scarborough, a *Yorkshire XI. v. a Lancashire XI.*

At Hastings, North *v. South.*

9—At Hastings, Mr. Stoddart's *Australian Team v. Rest of England.*

12—At Reigate, Mr. W. W. Read's *XI. v. Dr. W. G. Grace's XI.*

Those italicised should win.

Fiji has become devoted to cricket, an eleven, captained by the Hon. J. S. Udal, the old M.C.C. Committee-man, who now holds an official position in Fiji, touring New Zealand. The team comprised six whites and a similar number of natives, the latter playing in their native costume, with the addition of a cricket shirt. The tour, although not a financial success, must be considered a success from a cricket point of view, as out of eight matches played four were won, two lost, and two drawn. The victories were against the smaller provinces, the cricket of the visitors not being of a sufficiently

I am told that both the Millwall and Woolwich Arsenal Executives are confident of good times. So far as the Reds are concerned, I share the sanguine expectations, for the team reads very well indeed on paper. Mr. Caesar Jenkyns, the famous Welsh International half-back, has been appointed captain, and he will be as valuable in this capacity as in his strenuous exertions in stopping opposing forwards from getting too close.

Millwall Athletic have also signed on many of last season's players, who will be reinforced by the return of the wandering little Hollands from Southampton St. Mary's. Both the new goal-keepers are well spoken of, while Leatherbarrow is a forward who has done big things. It is hoped he will repeat them.

Among the League clubs, Preston North End have been busily engaged in setting their house well in order, and this famous old team are relying upon Trainor and Wright (Fleetwood Rangers), goal; Dunn, Holmes, Howarth, and Tait, backs; Sharp, Sanders, Orr, Grier, Stormont, Wilding, T. Eccleston, and Matthews, half-backs; W. Eccleston (Grimsby Town), Henderson, Barr, Barton, Kirby, Beaver (right wing); D. Smith and Lonsdale (centre); Blyth, Lingard, J. Smith (Burslem Port Vale), Cunningham, Drummond, and Pearce (left wing), forwards.

The London amateur clubs have not yet shaken down, and, for the most part, the players are loth to part from cricket. I hear, by the way,

Carroll.

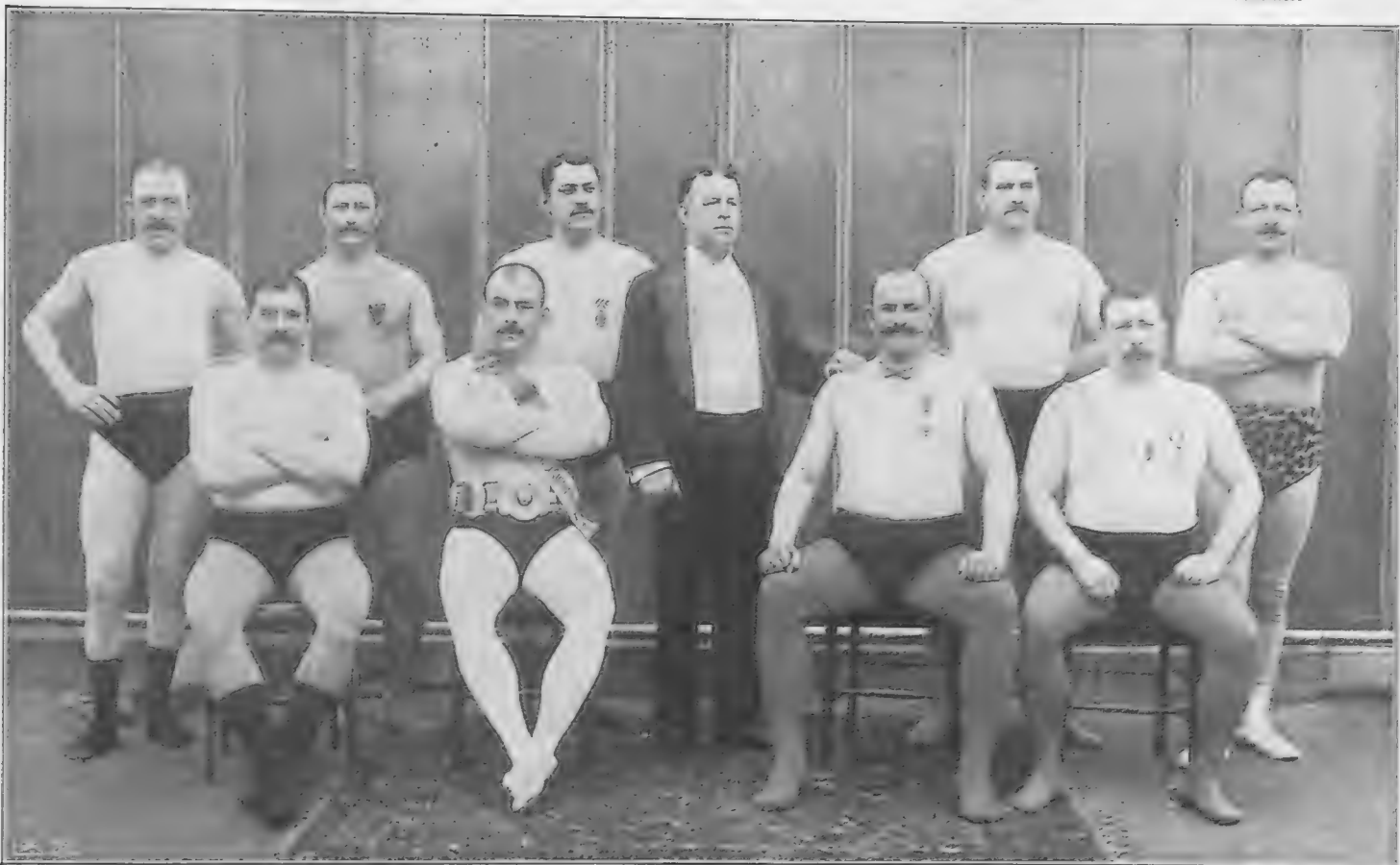
Gambier.

Carola.

Frank Hinde.

Ross.

Fournier.



Green.

Pierri (the Terrible Greek).

Mehmet.

Mason.

THE WRESTLERS AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

high standard to cope successfully with the larger cricket centres. The native members of the team showed a good deal of natural ability, and were especially smart in the field, while Pui Venua secured the best bowling figures. He proved himself a really dangerous fast bowler, and on any but the best wickets secured excellent averages. None of the natives showed any great batting ability, the whites doing most of the scoring. Mr. Collier, who secured the best batting average, played an innings of 128 runs against Hawke's Bay, while at times Mr. Udal gave a glimpse of his old form. The team, all round, created a very favourable impression, and the natives, who were sons of some of the principal Fijian chiefs, were an uncommonly fine body of men. They looked most picturesque on the field, their bronze-coloured limbs and fine heads of hair being much admired. Undoubtedly the tour will do much to foster the game in Fiji, and, as the natives have taken to it very kindly, considerable improvement may confidently be expected in their general all-round play when they next visit New Zealand.

FOOTBALL.

News of the Soccer clubs has been none too plentiful as yet. Most of the professional clubs have already opened their season, but it must necessarily be some time yet before they settle down with a completely arranged eleven. At the same time, a deal of anxiety is manifest all round, for a point or two lost early in the season are not very easily recovered later on.

that there will be a good deal of football seen at the Crystal Palace, where the final tie of the Association Cup was so successfully brought off last season.

GOLF.

Willie Fernie and Andrew Kirkcaldy have at last been brought together, and a match for one hundred pounds has been arranged to take place some time during next month. Troon and St. Andrews are greens already agreed upon, and the third will be settled by the simple process of tossing a coin. Both men have been playing well of late, and a highly interesting contest is expected.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

A splendid entry has been received for the twelve-hours cycle race at the Putney Velodrome next Saturday. The competitors include G. Hunt, the winner of the recent twenty-four hours "Coca" race at Herne Hill, besides such well-known distance riders as J. F. Rudham, C. Clapple, and E. Buckley. If Hunt starts he should win.

The great international athletic contest between the New York A.C. and the London A.C., to take place at New York on Sept. 14, has been shorn of much of its interest owing to the inability of Messrs. Bredin, Bacon, and Ryan to travel. The mile would have been a certainty for the L.A.C. had Bacon travelled, while Ryan, who recently created a world's record of 6 ft. 4½ in., would certainly have carried off the high jump.

OLYMPIAN.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Most of us—myself among the number—have by this time realised the fact that we must wait, with a more or less degree of patience, for another year to come round before holidays are again the order of the day, though, before we have arrived at the necessary stage of calm resignation, our noses have had to be pressed down to the grindstone again, with slightly unpleasant force. Only a fading memory remains of the charms of sea or country, to which, in my case, is added a grateful remembrance of much good service done by that sauce called "Harvey's Lazenby," in rescuing the frequent cold meat of the ordinary—or rather, extraordinary—toughness only to be found in the country from stodgy unpalatableness, and giving it a sort of halo of tastiness to which in itself it had no claim. As a sign of my gratitude, I have taken this redeeming



if once you can get over a very natural prejudice against those distinctly trying shoulders, you will be able to get a vast amount of satisfaction out of such a dress as this. As a fitting completion comes the Pompadour hat, of cream straw, the crown backed by many high loops of broad ribbon, its silken surface almost entirely covered by a hand-painted design of roses. This trimming gives place at the left side to a nodding spray of black-petalled roses, an arrangement which was hard pressed for supremacy in my affections by another very similar hat, where, in addition to the ribbon loop-trimming, the brim was entirely bordered with single full-blown roses, ranging through various lovely shades of pink, while two high black ostrich-tips curved gracefully above a square rosette of black velvet, with a diamond button holding its broad loops together in the centre. But, in the way of headgear, I must distinctly give the place of honour to the daintiest of productions, which was neither a hat nor a bonnet, but partook of the nature of both. In



sauce into the close intimacy of my household, where better things await its powers than tough cold meat. And now that I have neither sea nor poppy-covered cliffs to dispute supremacy with Dame Fashion, I have, this last week, been giving my full attention to this fickle dame's proceedings in general, and her freaks in the way of sleeves in particular. It seems to me, as a result of my investigations, that, if the sleeves of our evening-gowns this winter are as tardy in making their appearance as are the puffs in some of the latest day-gowns, the women who look at their best in ball or theatre attire will be distinctly in the minority—this to put it mildly, for uncovered shoulders demand perfect neck and arms, and perfection is always difficult of discovery. However, for the moment, day-dresses are the most important consideration, and these have the shoulders closely outlined by the plain bodice material, and the sleeves proper only have the courage to burst forth into full puffs when one has begun to think that they are never going to put in appearance, as witness our two sketches this week. In one, with a moderately full skirt of satiny cloth of bottle-green hue, bedecked at each side with two black satin rosettes, in each of which a paste button flashes out from the centre, there is a smart little coat-bodice of chiné brocade, with many-coloured flowers showing faintly on a black background, while paste buttons, fastening it down the left side, and a dainty cravat-bow of yellowish old lace, are also notable features. In this case the puffed sleeves have just been prevented from slipping away altogether by scarves of green satin, which are fastened at each side of the corsage, back and front, with a diamond-centred rosette; and

shape it resembled somewhat in front a Marie Antoinette coif, only, instead of fitting closely on the hair, it was much exaggerated in size, and formed a goodly sized arch at each side.

Blue straw was the material thereof, and it was bordered with a thick ruching of shaded cornflowers, while resting on the waved masses of hair, just above each ear, was a most coquettish rosette of blue glacé silk, the last touch being given by a high black aigrette rising from another aigrette at the left side. This was destined for wear—abroad—with a cape of blue accordion-pleated silk, bordered at its termination, just below the waist, with a soft ruffling of chiffon, above which came a deep appliqué band of yellowish lace, rising in a series of tabs to meet other and shorter ones, which spread downwards from the ruffled chiffon collar, set with great flower-like rosettes of blue satin, smaller ones being dotted in profusion over the whole cape between the bands of lace.

But such frivolities are not for quiet stay-at-homes, so we will turn our attention to the more sober charms of our second dress, where any chance of the sleeves spreading their wings too soon is nipped in the bud by the restraining stiffness of the quaintly shaped revers, which are buttoned just below the shoulders, and then again in the centre of the corsage, the little coat over-bodice of which they are a part opening then over the plain vest and fastening at each side of the waist with another button, after which the aggressive little basques have full play. The plain collar is pretty, backed as it is by another collar with curving ends turned over at each side, and the severe simplicity of the under-bodice is relieved by two closely set rows of minute pearl buttons, which

[Continued on page 345.]



Just a Line

to tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the "up-to-date" way, the **SUNLIGHT** way, without rubbing your clothes all to pieces (and your hands too) you must

USE

Sunlight Soap

Cleans clothes and almost anything else—
with less labour and greater comfort.

Mellin's Painting Competition.

**TOTAL VALUE OF PRIZES,
£105.**

THE Proprietor of Mellin's Food for Infants and Invalids is willing to send to applicants a copy of "MELLIN'S PAINTING BOOK," with full particulars of the above Competition. It is desirable, to avoid disappointment, that early application be made, as letters will be attended to in their regular order according to the date of receipt.

THE PRIZES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

ONE PRIZE of £20 for the Best Coloured Book.—Open to all.

TWO PRIZES of £10 each for the Two next Best Coloured Books. Open to children not exceeding 18 years of age.

THREE PRIZES of £5 each for the Three next Best Coloured Books. Open to children not exceeding 15 years of age.

TEN PRIZES of £2 10s. each for the Ten next Best Coloured Books. Open to children not exceeding 12 years of age.

FIFTY PRIZES consisting of either a **Well-Dressed Doll** or a **Box of Tools**, at the option of the successful Competitor, for the Fifty next Best Coloured Books. Open to little folks not exceeding 9 years of age.

Address, enclosing 1d. to cover postage, "PAINTING BOOK DEPT.,"
MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

Highest Award at Chicago '93
"Lanoline"

Prepared from the purified fat of lamb's wool, is **SIMILAR** to the **FAT** of the **HUMAN SKIN** and **HAIR**. It is their natural nutrient.

Toilet "Lanoline"

A soothing emollient for health and beauty of the skin. For the complexion. **PREVENTS WRINKLES, SUN-BURN, & CHAPPING.**

Price 6d. & 1s.



"Lanoline" Pomade

NOURISHES, INVIGORATES, and BEAUTIFIES the hair. Prevents dandruff by its cleansing properties. Price 1/6

"Lanoline" Toilet Soap

(No caustic free alkali.) **RENDERS** the most **SENSITIVE SKIN** Healthy, Clear, and Elastic. Price 6d. & 1s., from all Chemists. Wholesale Depot, 67, Holborn Viaduct, London.

"A CHARMING SCENT."

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

**ATKINSON'S
WHITE ROSE.**

"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."

Delightfully and delicately fragrant.
Beware of Imitations.

ATKINSON'S is the only
Genuine.

Perfume, Toilet-Powder, Soap, Tooth-Powder,
Sachets, and all other specialties with this
"charming" odour, of all Dealers throughout
the world, and of the Manufacturers—

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond St., London.



ALWAYS USE THE GENUINE

MURRAY

AND

LANMAN'S

Florida Water

The most exquisite and
refreshing perfume
for the

**HANDKERCHIEF,
BATH, AND
DRESSING-TABLE.**

Refuse all Substitutes.

THE SEASON'S FASHIONS IN MOURNING ATTIRE

Trimmed Cape or Plain.

ALSO

ELEGANT NOVELTIES

IN

Mantles, Millinery,

Costumes, Blouses,
etc.,

IN ALL SUBDUED SHADES.

PETER ROBINSON

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

Makers of the celebrated "CURRIED FOWL," &c.,
in tins.

HALFORD'S



CURRY POWDER.

Also Beef, Mutton, and Chicken Jellies for
Invalids.

HINDE'S

Sold in
6d. & 1s
boxes.



**HAIR
CURLERS.**

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

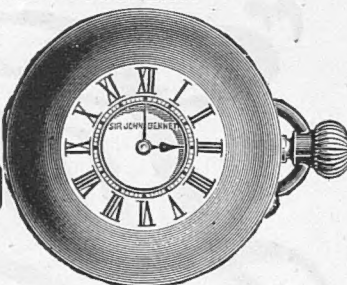
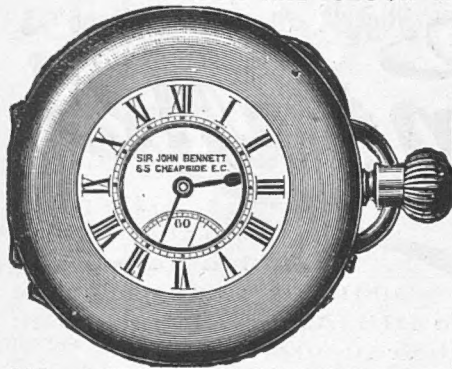
NON-MERCURIAL.

Universally admitted to be the BEST and
SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER,
ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d.,
and 4s. 6d.

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS
3-PLATE HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH,
accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions.
In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly emblazoned.
Free and safe per post.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£25 Hall Clock to Chime on 8 Bells. In
oak or mahogany. With bracket and Shield, Three Guineas
extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, Ltd., 65, Cheapside, London.

The only awarded at the Paris
Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

hygienic, adherent & invisible
Toilet powder — **CH. FAY, Inventor**

9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Judgement of 8th May 1875.

GLEN-LYON CAPES.

For GOLFING, FISHING, SHOOTING, YACHTING, and BICYCLING.

Patterns of Cloth and Illustrated

EARLY AUTUMN

FASHION BOOK,

Post free.

Sample Cloaks will be sent on approval.

"GLEN-LYON" IMPROVED GOLF CAPE
(see sketch) in GREY, FAWN, and
BROWN REVERSIBLE TWEED, SILK
LINED HOOD 31/6

GOLF CAPES in various shades of
Reversible Tweed, with hood and
straps across chest 21/-, 32/6 and 38/6

In Black, with hood lined check silk 25/-

DEBENHAM

AND

FREEBODY,

Wigmore Street,
LONDON, W.

Telegrams—"DEBENHAM, London."



ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

Avoid
poisonous
imitations.

Cools and refreshes the face and hands in hot weather. Disperses Freckles, Tan,
Sunburn, Redness. Soothes and heals Insect Stings, Eruptions, &c. Warranted
harmless. 2/3 and 4/6. Ask Chemists for Rowlands'.

FOR DAINTY TABLES.

**Cerebos
SALT**

DOES
NOT CAKE

THE FOOD-STRENGTH OF BRAN
CEREBOS SALT CO. Ltd. London
& Newcastle-on-Tyne. From Grocers 6d. & 1/-

lose themselves beneath a waist-band of black satin, but appear again, undaunted, on the skirt, to terminate just above the knees. The larger buttons are covered with the same fine satiny cloth which composes the dress, and, as to colours, you must each please yourself, though warm terra-cotta and pale tan is a very effective combination, or again, smoke-blue and black, or green and black. The fashionable colours are all so pretty this season that we can all be suited, and please see to it that double rows of stitching appear on every available portion of the bodice. That is a necessity nowadays if you select cloth as the material.

I have also noted with approval a dark nut-brown cloth dress, made in Princess fashion and distinguished by a very graceful and novel arrangement of green silk, which was draped from below the neck at the back, brought over the shoulders, and crossed in scarf fashion over the bodice, then being drawn round to the back again, where it formed a deep belt, caught in the centre by a silver buckle. Then, in some mysteriously clever way, the ends appear at each side, and, after forming a species of basque, fall to the foot of the skirt in sash form. This arrangement takes away the otherwise trying effect of the dress, and, as Princess robes promise to be much worn, the subject should be one of special interest to all of us, for, unless relieved by some inspired effect of genius, the majority of women would not come with advantage out of the scathing ordeal of a closely fitting robe which had no frills or furbelows or outstanding basques to hide any little defects of Mother Nature. However, Art is very kind to us on the whole, and so we can even view with equanimity the reappearance of the "Princess" gown, for it has hardly anything in common with its sheath-like namesake of bygone years. Not so effective, in my opinion, is the style which insists on a double pleat starting from each shoulder, tapering together somewhat at the waist, and then spreading out again down the skirt, though it only opens out in all its fulness just below the knees, then disclosing undreamed-of inner pleats. I would only beg to be excused from endeavouring to hold up such a dress when a sudden downpour of rain had made the streets a muddy horror.

FLORENCE.

The Queen's Prize for Position Artillery, won this year by the 3rd Kent (Arsenal) Artillery, takes the form of a cup, the work of Messrs. Mappin



and Webb. Beautifully chased in the Italian style, it is of sterling silver, and weighs 110 oz., the extreme height being over two feet.

The great success of the moment in Paris is the "Revue des Demi-Vierges," at the Ambassadeurs. The author is M. Jean d'Arc, who last year obtained a similar success with "Revue D shabill e." The performance, eminently Parisian in character, is admirably invented. The costumes are designed by Willette. Special mention may be made of a d butante, Mdle. Juliette Garc a, who impersonates Cheret's advertisement in a most successful *tableau vivant*.

VISITOR: Does your husband growl about his meals if they are not on time?

WIFE: I don't know; I've never eaten at his club.

UN MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

A refreshment-room at Earl's Court. Enter Mrs. and Miss ORMEROD. As they pass one of the tables, a young man starts violently, half rises, and takes off his hat. Mrs. ORMEROD eyes him with an impertinent stare, and Miss ORMEROD looks fixedly at the wall beyond him. The young man hastily resumes his seat. When they have found seats at a safe distance and ordered refreshment, the ladies give vent to their indignation.

"Well, Laura, of all the impudent——"

"Mr. Marston never was noted for his modesty, mother."

"I should think not; but London is the place to bring him to his senses. He'll soon find his level here."

"I wonder what he is doing? He seems well dressed."

"Counter-jumping or shop-lifting, I should imagine. That's all he's fit for."

"He could waltz divinely."

"Then he had one redeeming virtue. Perhaps he teaches dancing."

As the band outside ceases playing, sundry people saunter in.

"Why, there's Sir William! I do hope he'll see us."

"Why doesn't the man look this way?"

"If he isn't talking to Mr. Marston! How flattered that young man must feel!"

"Perhaps he is ordering a new coat."

"Or, more likely, complaining about the old one."

"I hope he is arranging for some dancing lessons. He waltzes horribly."

"You could forgive that if he were only good-looking."

"At any rate, he is very good-natured."

"Or he wouldn't be talking to young Marston."

"At last he sees us."

The ladies bow gracefully. Sir William walks across to them.

"Now, whoever would have thought of meeting you here?"

"How badly expressed, Sir William! 'An unexpected pleasure' would have sounded so much better."

"I sit corrected. Ices, I see; are they good?"

"Very bad; but we are pretending it's summer."

"By the way, Laura and I are quite dying to know what you have in common with Mr. Marston."

"A very great deal, Mrs. Ormerod."

"Coats, and—waistcoats?"

"Dancing?"

"Really, I ought to have had an ice, for without one I see no connection. You know Marston, then?"

"He was a clerk in father's office. We did know him, mother?"

"Certainly, my dear. Sir William will understand the degree of intimacy that indicates."

Sir William looks from one to the other in a doubtful, questioning manner, and then says gravely—

"Mr. Marston is a friend of mine."

"How extremely condescending of you to put it that way. Mr. Marston would be flattered if he heard you."

"I fail to see why."

"Look at your different positions in life. You are a man of title."

"And Marston is a man of genius—a somewhat scarcer article."

"Why, what has he done?"

"Have you not read 'Waiting'?"

"Of course. Someone sent me a copy. I never found out who. But that was by 'Godfrey Newcome.'"

"Quite so—Marston's pseudonym. Then I know you have seen his play, for I was in your box at the Lyceum—on Tuesday, wasn't it?"

"Did Mr. Marston write 'My Lady Disdainful'?"

"Indeed, he did, Mrs. Ormerod. I am surprised you did not know it."

Miss Ormerod appears lost in thought. Then she sees Marston rising to go; she turns quickly to Sir William.

"Do me a favour. Tell Mr. Marston I wish to renew our old friendship."

"Delighted!"

He walks after Marston.

"Marston, an old friend wishes to speak to you—Miss Ormerod."

"Does she?" A pause. "You remember what I told you about that girl in the country who said she would give her answer when I was famous?"

"Yes."

"I told her she would have to send for me then, as I should never ask again. You have just brought her summons."

"The deuce I have!"

"She has only just learnt that I am er—a success?"

"Not a whisper of it till I told her."

"I thought so. She cut me dead a quarter of an hour ago. It's too late now, old man. Tell her—what you like, only don't hurt her unnecessarily."

"All right, sonny, I understand. Wait for me outside."

Rejoining the ladies—

"Mr. Marston wishes me to say he would have been delighted to have had your message a quarter of an hour earlier, but, as it is——"

"Well, Sir William, as it is?"

"As it is, Marston and I are returning to town together. Good afternoon, ladies."

HENRY A. HERING.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 31, 1895.

In spite of the adjustment of a very heavy account in Miscellaneous securities, and the commencement of the Consols settlement, the markets have been wondrous brisk, and general buoyancy prevails.

Money continues very abundant, trade is improving, and confidence reviving. The increased production of gold is having its usual effect of stimulating trade and encouraging speculation. The centre of the latter is still mining and exploration, and this week has witnessed the creation of more than one powerful engine for the support of this market. Barney's Bank is registered, and it is announced that the capital is £2,500,000, with a guaranteed reserve of £1,000,000; that a sum of £125,000 has been given by someone for "the option of taking it up"; that the £1 shares will be offered at £3, and will reach £10 very quickly, and that the company has purchased important interests in the Barnato Consolidated Mines, New Primrose Mine, and various other important properties, so that, during its birth throes, it has earned enough to pay on the day of opening a 22½ per cent. dividend on the capital of the company! It is all perfectly serious, however much it may sound like "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The demand for shares in really large exploration companies seems to increase. There were immense dealings yesterday in Chartered, and they rose 1½, to the enormous price of 8½ for the £1 share, and to-day they only gave way to the extent of ¼.

We hear that next week, or early the week after, will see the launching of an important company, formed under powerful auspices to develop a great territory in German South Africa, under large concessions from native rulers, which have been recently recognised and confirmed by the Imperial German Government. So extensive is this territory that in point of magnitude it will have no rival in South Africa, except the possessions of Mr. Rhodes's Chartered Company, while the concessions will secure to the company the fullest powers to organise and develop the mineral and other resources of the splendid district entrusted to it by the German Government, which itself takes the liveliest interest in this great enterprise.

Of course, there will be a great rush after the shares and debentures to be issued; but if you send us immediately a private note, we will do our best to get you an allotment.

The West Australian Trust, Limited, is going to issue another gold-mine in the White Feather district. It will not be advertised until Wednesday, and the directors will proceed to allotment on or before Friday. We think you had better leave it alone.

The prospectus of the British Gold-fields of West Africa, referred to in last week's *Sketch*, stated that its concessions are within the British Protectorate; but a correspondent of the *Times* points out that, according to a Foreign Office map, a good deal of the territory shown in the prospectus map must really be in the French Protectorate.

The American Market is demanding increased attention from both investors and speculators. The American orders for goods now coming forward show that trade in the States is really beginning to "hum," and the American railroads must soon feel the benefit of the improved traffics.

We cannot explain the delay in the application for a special settlement of the Chinese Gold Loan of April 1895. If it were explicable, it would not be Chinese. Possibly the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China know the solution of this Chinese puzzle. Ask them.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

LOMATIE (LYDENBURG) EXPLORATION COMPANY has the assurance to ask the public to give £50,000 for one-third of its capital, it having contracted to give the remaining two-thirds for some farms twenty miles from Barberton. The only excuse put forward for this contract is that there is plenty of wood and water, and that "the Directors are satisfied, from information in their possession, that gold-bearing reefs have been discovered, and development work has already been done by trenches, shafts, and cross-cuts, to the extent of over 9000 feet"—not a word about the size, length, or richness of the reefs!

THE WOODSTOCK (TRANSVAAL) GOLD-MINE, LIMITED, issues a very different prospectus. Of course, the mine may or may not justify the expectations of the promoters, but there is no question here of asking the public to "buy a pig in a poke." A very thorough examination appears to have been made of a very important property, and the results are fully and candidly set out in the prospectus. There seems a sufficient quantity of low-grade but payable ore to earn handsome dividends for centuries if the mine is skilfully and economically worked. The capital is £200,000 in £1 shares.

THE FAUVEL GOLD RECOVERY COMPANY, LIMITED, with a capital of £150,000, is to pay £125,000 for Mr. Fauvel's patent furnace for roasting refractory ores, with the right to apply for some other patents. It seems to us absurd to ask such a price for any new gold-extracting process, and this process has yet to stand the test of practical use.

TODD, BURNS, AND COMPANY, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital of £100,100, to start and carry on a drapery business in Dublin, on the

premises in which the defunct firm of Todd, Burns, and Co. used to carry on business. In these businesses everything depends on goodwill and good management. We see no sufficient evidence that this company has either.

THE ANGLO-CONTINENTAL CORPORATION OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, is the rather cumbrous title of a new company just registered, with a capital of £500,000 and very full powers. We hear that Mr. Barnato, Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co., Mr. Neumann, and a lot of other strong South Africans are in it, and that it is to be the vehicle to fresh fields—especially gold-fields—and pastures new of the super-abundant powers of these strong men not required in their more familiar happy hunting-grounds.

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN SHARE CORPORATION, LIMITED, is another newly formed strong company, formed to exploit the Western Australian share market. The capital is £250,000, but, as there were 172 signatories to the Memorandum of Association, and they each took 500 shares, there are not many left for the public out of the first issue of £150,000, while a certain Mr. Headington has the "call" of the remaining 100,000 shares. They have been quoted at as much as ¾ premium.

THE TALISMAN GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital of £80,000, to work some mines near—that is, in miles—to the now celebrated Black Flag property. The West Australian Gold Concessions, Limited, bought these mines last November on what seemed at the time easy enough terms, intending to work them themselves, but they have changed their minds. Perhaps they came to the opinion that the working of companies is more profitable than the working of mines. It is not an attractive prospectus.

THE VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS RHODESIAN DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, has too small a capital (only £40,000 issued) to pay away £25,000, and with the residue develop sixty claims in different parts of Rhodesia, some "on the summit of a high mountain." We hope the time won't come when a certain eminent judge will make caustic inquiries as to the origin of this company's picturesque title!

THE GRAYDON GREAT WHEEL COMPANY wants £150,000 to buy for £95,000 the patents of Lieutenant Graydon, so as to enable it to stick up elevated castles, gigantic wheels, and recreation-towers all over the country. It has issued an amusing and extraordinary prospectus, which reads like the account of Gulliver's experiences in Laputa. If anyone happens to have a yearning for such a thing as an elevated castle, gigantic wheel, or recreation-tower, it appears the company, even after paying £95,000 to the Yankee lieutenant, cannot start along and supply the article. A "Mr. Walter B. Basset . . . is, as contractor, to have the option to construct all wheels and towers built by this or any subsidiary company in Great Britain." Might we venture to suggest the propriety of leaving Mr. Walter B. Basset to pay the £95,000 to the gallant lieutenant? It is marvellous, when you come to think of it, how the human race has lasted so long without a gigantic wheel and "its healthful sensations."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. B.—The City and Suburban quoted are the £1 shares of the City and Suburban Gold-mining Company, Limited, Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, which has a capital of £85,000 in £1 shares. La Concorde is a new company, with a capital of £300,000 in £1 shares, on which, we think, 7s. 6d. has been paid up to the present time. They are quoted at about ½ premium.

E. T. O.—We advise you to hold Yilgarns for the present, as Western Australian securities are improving, and we hear of better crushings and improved train service. At the same time, we certainly do not expect them to make 10s. within a month.

M. I.—No. 1 appears to be quoted at 2 to 2½, not at 26s. to 27s., as mentioned in your letter, and will probably go better if the "Talisman" mentioned in "New Issues" should turn out well. No. 2 are quoted at about 1½. We do not think much of them. We are glad you have done so well out of N. Z. Crown.

INVICTA.—Good enough to hold for some time to come.

H. W. W. N.—We can recommend you to respectable brokers, but only by private letter. See Correspondence rules.

S. W.—We hope you have received our private letter.

S. J. C.—We have received your address, and are writing to you direct.

GRATEFUL.—High interest always means risk, though low interest does not always mean safety. Your present security is not first-rate. Why do you not put part of the money in New York Breweries Debentures, or the "A" Debentures (5 per cent.) of the Trustees and Executors Corporation, or in good Colonial Town Bonds?

C. A.—(1) Difficult to sell freely. We are now arranging to sell some privately at about 4½. (2) Not things to hold permanently. You have had a chance, if they were allotted to you, of selling at a good profit. (3 and 4) Good enough.

F. Z.—Yes. All £1 shares, fully paid. You do not give the names of the companies quite accurately. We do not hear that the third is likely to declare a dividend soon.

Instead of ploughing up the racecourses in and around the Metropolis, it would be a good thing for the rates if it were possible for the County Council to acquire and run them *pro bono*. Taking Doncaster, Lincoln, and Northampton as samples, we find these racecourses are useful to the rates in cases where the revenue derived from these sources is devoted to lightening the burdens borne by the ratepayers. If it were only possible to transplant Newmarket, lock, stock, and frame, on to the Alexandra Park course, and hold a meeting per week the year through, we should have very little to pay in rates.